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NOT THE SAME.

The summer is just in its proudest prime—
The earth is green and the skies are blue;
But where is the lilt of the olden time
When life was a melody wedded to rhyme,
And dreams were so real they all seemed true?

There is sun on the meadows and bloom on the bushes,
And never a bird but is mad with glee;
But the pulse that bounds and the blood that rushes,
And the hope that soars, and the joy that gushes,
Are lost for ever to you and me.

There are dawns of amber and amethyst—
There are purple mountains and pale pink skies
That flush to crimson where skies have kissed;
But out of life there is something missed—
Something better than all of these.

We miss the faces we used to know,
The smiling lips and the eyes of truth;
We miss the beauty, and warmth and glow
Of love that brightened our long ago—
And ah! we miss—we miss our youth.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

"I SUPPOSE you are tired after last night?" she said gently.

"After last night?" he repeated, almost mechanically, looking at her with something like fear.

"Yes; have you already forgotten that the Hunt ball took place a few hours since?"

"No, of course not; but I am not at all tired."

"Is Dolly any the worse?"

"I do not know; I have not seen her this morning."

And then they were silent until they reached the station.

Stephen helped Sidney to alight from the carriage, following her closely as she went into the station, leaving her only for a moment while he took her ticket, and hurrying back to her side, as if he feared to let her out of his sight.

Sidney thought he looked relieved as he remarked on the emptiness of the station.

"Only two minutes," he said, glancing at his watch. "Is the train from Stround signalled yet, Marton?" he added, as the station-master passed, touching his hat to Mr. Daunt and Miss Arnold.

"Yes, sir; it will be five minutes late, though, this morning," was the answer. "Shocking thing this——"

"Late? Will it?" Stephen said, in a quick loud voice, very different from his usual languid quiet tone. "I hope it will not be snowed up anywhere. Yes, yes, shocking, of course! Come, Sidney."

The station-master stared.

Stephen was usually one of the most courteous of men.

What could have made him so abrupt and strange?

"What is shocking?" Sidney interrogated as Stephen hurried her down the platform; and she looked up wonderingly at his disturbed face.

"Shocking? Oh, I don't know! There has been some accident on the line, I believe. Will you have a book, Sidney? Does Doctor Arnold allow you to read in the train?"

"I don't care for a book," Sidney answered carelessly. "Will you get me a newspaper? Perhaps I shall see this railway-accident in it."

"A newspaper? Yes, you may have a newspaper," he answered, after a moment's hesitation. "Here's your train, Sidney. You would like a carriage to yourself, of course?"

"No; I should prefer company," she rejoined laughingly.

But he hurried her into an empty compartment and closed the door upon her, with a look of relief upon his face.

"I believe you are glad to get rid of me," she said, pouting a little. "Stephen, is there anything wrong? Are you hiding anything from me?"

She leaned forward earnestly as she spoke, raising her great inquiring eyes to his face, which changed suddenly and softened into infinite tenderness, infinite sadness, infinite pity.

"Nothing," he said hurriedly—"nothing you should know, dear. Good-bye."

Sidney drew back a little haughtily; she saw the pity on his face and misconstrued it.

"If you see Frank, tell him I am very angry with him for not coming to see me off," she said brightly.

"Yes, if I see him," he answered, lifting his hat to her as the train moved on, and standing still upon the platform until it disappeared.

Then he turned away, with a great sadness on his face.

"How will she bear it, if it be as I fear?" he thought. "How will she bear it? Poor child! If I could keep it from her always as I have kept it from her to-day! But, sooner or later, she must know, and I suppose it had better be later than sooner."

* * * * * *

Lindhurst was a pretty little village about fifty miles from Ashford, consisting of one long straggling street, with a quaint old church midway up the incline, and the Rectory nestling close to it, a two-storeyed gray-stone gabled building with a verandah and a quaint pointed porch with an old stone seat on either side.

The living was a small one; but Mr. Bevis had some private means, and only one child a daughter, a pretty blue-eyed golden-haired girl, who gave Sidney a warm greeting, scolded her for her pale cheeks, was warmly interested in her thick gypsy ring, with its flashing diamonds, and full of eager questions about its donor.

"I cannot think why you never told me anything about Frank in the long letters you used to send me at Vevey," she said plaintively, as the girls sat brushing their hair before the fire in Sidney's pretty cozy bed-room that night.

"You used to write a lot about Chrissie Greville, and said her father was an old bear; but——"

"Did I say so?" Sidney questioned penitently.

"It was very wrong of me then. I ought not to have said so. He is rather stern and cold; but he has been very kind and nice to me. Frank and Chrissie fear him a good deal; but I am sure, notwithstanding his sternness, he loves them both dearly."

"And when are you to be married?"

"Oh, I don't know, Bell! We will put off the evil day as long as possible."

"The evil day! Don't you care for him, Sidney?"

Sidney's eyes fell, and her color faded. It was the first time the question had been put to her, and Isabel Bevis's astonished reproving eyes made it doubly startling.

Sidney shook her pretty brown hair so that it shaded her face, and something in the tone of her voice as she answered made her friend think for a moment that it would have been quite as promising for Sidney's future happiness if she had said she hated him.

"Of course I am fond of Frank," she answered carelessly; "but I am in no hurry to leave papa. He will be so lonely, you know."

"But you will live in Ashford; so you will see him every day," said Isabel timidly.

"Oh, yes, of course!" Sidney answered, using her ivory-backed brushes energetically; while Bell glanced at her rather wonderingly.

She was a romantic little girl, and could not quite understand Sidney's want of enthusiasm about her lover.

"What has become of that Mr. Daunt who came to Chapone House to see you once?" she asked presently.

One of the ivory-backed brushes fell to the ground.

Sidney stooped to pick it up, and the exertion brought a red tinge into the soft cheeks which had been so white the minute before.

"Do you mean Stephen Daunt?" she asked carelessly. "Did he ever come to Chapone House?"

"A tall, dark, good-looking man," Bell answered eagerly.

"Don't you remember, Sidney? He was on his way home from the Continent, and he brought you such a lot of lovely things from Siraudin's—chocolate and *marrons glacés* and *nougat*, and all sorts of loveliness—don't you remember?"

"Yes," Sidney replied quietly, "that is Stephen Daunt. Oh, he is very well!"

"Is he married?"

"No."

"Is he engaged?"

"No. Will you come back with me and try your chance?" Sidney asked, forcing a smile.

"And now, Bell, will you be offended if I turn you out? I'm tired to death, and shall fall asleep before your astonished eyes in another minute."

But, tired as she professed herself to be, Sidney Arnold did not go to bed when her friend left her.

She sat still and motionless before the fire staring into its red depths until the red died away and only a heap of fireless ashes filled the grate, and then, tired and chilled, crept into bed.

The Rectory household was an early one; but Sidney was the first down the next morning, and Isabel found her standing in the dining-room window, looking out into the snow-covered garden, her thoughts evidently so far away that she started when Isabel wished her—

"Good morning."

She recovered herself immediately however, and was her own bright charming self again when the rector came in, rubbing his hands and complaining of the cold in a good-humored grumbling manner, pooh-poohing the girl's assertions that it was charming seasonable weather, but evidently enjoying the bright cheery morning.

"What time does the post come round?" Sidney asked, as they sat down to breakfast, Bell officiating behind the urn—for Mrs. Bevis was somewhat of an invalid, and did not make her appearance until later in the day.

"At about nine o'clock," answered the Rector.

"I dare say he will be a little late this morning," he added, smiling. "The snow will make it rather heavy walking, and he will not know how impatiently he is looked for."

"Do you expect a letter, Sidney?" Bell asked, her pretty blue eyes brightening at the thought that she had been mistaken after all, and that Sidney must really care for the fiance or she would not be anxious to have a letter from him so soon after leaving home.

"I thought perhaps papa might write to me," was the unexpected answer. "I was obliged to leave home without seeing him yesterday morning, and I think he will send me a few lines."

"Oh!" said Bell, in a distasteful tone, retiring behind the urn once more.

"I suppose a doctor's time is even less his own than a clergyman's," Mr. Bevis remarked, in his gentle kindly way. "Your father, like myself, cannot count upon a quiet hour, I dare say."

"No, indeed," Sidney answered, smiling as she thought of her father's busy life compared with the Rector's quiet existence. "It is very trying sometimes. Just as we are going out to a dinner-party or a dance papa is called away, and we must either go so late that I am ashamed to put in an appearance at all or else send some excuse and not go."

"You talk of dances and dinner-parties as if they were of every-day occurrence, Sidney," Isabel remarked. "Is Ashford a very gay place?"

"I don't know," Sidney answered, laughing.

"It is certainly very gay when compared with Chapone House; but I should think, when contrasted with the London season, it must be the acme of dulness."

"But you do have parties sometimes?"

"Oh, yes—dances in the winter, and garden-parties in the summer, and dinner-parties all through the year!"

"Oh, you lucky people!" Bell exclaimed ruefully.

"Our gaieties are restricted to a school-treat and a choir outing—and tea-fights of course," she added as an after-thought, drawing down the corners of her red lips in contempt for the latter form of entertainment.

"I can remember the time when Ashford could boast no greater pleasures, my dear," remarked the Rector. "When I was a curate there, over thirty years ago, a dance would have been an unparalleled event in the little town."

"So I have heard papa say," replied Sidney, smiling.

"It was so indeed," said the Rector thoughtfully. "But the cloth-mills have done wonders since then. Mr. Daunt is a wonderful man."

"Is that your friend with the bonbons from Siraudin's, Sidney?" asked Bell, with a swift keen glance.

"No—his father," Sidney answered quietly. "Is this the postman, Mr. Bevis?"

"Yes," said Bell, jumping up to get the letters. "I have been longing to see the papers with the account of the Hunt ball, Sidney. We get the evening papers the next morning in this benighted region, you know."

She ran out into the hall, and the next minute she came back into the dining-room with her little hands full of letters and newspapers.

"A heavy mail this morning," she said gaily. "There must be at least one letter for you among all these, Sidney."

She turned over the letters, hurriedly separating them from the newspapers, and glancing rapidly at the addresses as she did so.

"Nothing for you, Sidney," she said lightly, but with some disappointment in her pretty voice.

"Very sorry, dear; but this insatiable father of mine takes all the correspondence. There are the papers however, and we will console ourselves by a perusal of the description of the Hunt ball. Which will you have the *Ashford Chronicle* or the *Stround Herald*?"

"You had better keep the *Chronicle*," said Sidney, laughing. "No doubt it will contain the best account of the entertainment. I dare say they will have all the dresses wrong; they always do."

"Then if any sound dubious, I will come to you for correction," remarked Bell, opening the newspaper and looking eagerly for the column devoted to fashionable society.

While Sidney took the wrapper rather languidly off the *Stround Herald* and glanced down its columns.

Bell, devouring the description of the

hall with all the eager curiosity of a country-girl debarred from such gaieties, was immersed in a glowing account of the entertainment and delightedly picturing to herself how exquisite Dolly Daunt's dress must have been, and how superb Mrs. Rutledge's, when a faint, startled, gasping cry made her look up suddenly.

Sidney was half leaning forward on the table, her eyes dilated with fear and horror, her lips utterly colorless, the newspaper crushed in her hand.

"Sidney, what is it, dear?" Bell cried, hurrying to her and putting her arms round the slender drooping figure. "Are you ill? What is it?"

"No, no!" Sidney answered, rising feebly and gently putting aside Bell's tender arms the look of horror and fear deepening on her face.

"No, not ill; but I must go home—I must go home. Don't try to keep me, Bell; I must go—I must go!"

"You shall go, dear," Bell said gently, trying to soothe her. "What has happened? Is Doctor Arnold ill? They would surely telegraph if——"

"It is not that," Sidney answered piteously, swaying to and fro in her weakness—"not that—but—— Mr. Bevis, will you read it? I do not know whether I understood it rightly. Perhaps—perhaps——"

Her voice failed her as she sank down upon her knees by the table, looking at the two startled faces with feverish lustrous eyes, and pointing with her trembling hand to a paragraph in the newspaper headed in capitals. Mr. Bevis took the newspaper, his hands a little unsteady as he hastily adjusted his spectacles, and read as follows—

"The town of Ashford was yesterday thrown into a state of great excitement, alarm, and consternation by a report circulated early in the morning, which unfortunately later in the day proved to be only too true.

"Squire Rutledge of Rutledge Hall, a gentleman well known and greatly respected in the county, was found in his library, by one of his servants, lying across the writing-table unconscious.

"Assistance was immediately procured; but Doctor Arnold found, on arrival at Rutledge Hall, that the unfortunate gentleman was quite dead, and had been so for some hours, death having resulted from his having been shot through the heart.

"This distressing event has caused the greatest consternation in every circle, and every inquiry is being made to discover the murderer, for the doctors agree in declaring that the wound could not have been self-inflicted.

"Indeed such a supposition would be a very wild one, since Squire Rutledge had everything to make life pleasant, and had lately added considerably to his happiness by marrying a young and beautiful lady who has won general admiration.

"Squire Rutledge was a keen huntsman and enjoyed excellent health. He was in his forty-ninth year."

And underneath was another paragraph headed "Latest particulars"—

"We understand that the mystery of the terrible event at Rutledge Hall grows apace.

"Mrs. Rutledge, the beautiful young wife of the unfortunate gentleman, has disappeared.

"Rumors of the disappearance also of a gentleman well known in Ashford, whose name was mentioned in connection with Mrs. Rutledge before her marriage, are also afloat; but nothing is yet known for certain.

"Our readers may count upon having the fullest and earliest particulars in to-morrow's issue."

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT half a mile from the tall iron gates leading into the extensive and well-kept grounds surrounding the fine old mansion where the terrible tragedy which had caused such excitement in Ashford and its neighborhood had taken place, stood a substantial red-brick house, where a former butler in Mr. Rutledge's service had started in business as an innkeeper, calling his house the Rutledge Arms, in compliment to the family he had served.

It was a prosperous place enough, standing on the high-road in a conspicuous solitude, but sufficiently near Ashford to be a rendezvous of those of Mr. Daunt's men who frequented such places; and to walk out to the Rutledge Arms was a favorite amusement for the spare hours and holiday afternoons of the cloth-workers.

But, numerous as its frequenters were, it had never been so full as on the snowy afternoon of the second day after the Hunt ball, for the inquiry into the sudden and terrible death of the Squire was taking place there, and in a large room on the first floor the Coroner and his jury were assembled.

They had been to the stately old mansion where the dead man had reigned, and had seen him lying there in his last sleep, with a frown still lingering on his forehead and his lips set and stern, and they had returned to the Rutledge Arms, looking pale and grave, for most of them had known the Squire well, and the Coroner sitting at one end of the long deal table had been a personal friend of his, and three days before had ridden by his side after the hounds, and had returned home to the Hall to dinner, and had perhaps envied the Squire the beautiful young wife who sat at the head of his table in shining raiment, looking so queen-like and stately.

And now that beautiful young wife—where was she?

Standing by the painted mantelpiece of the room in which the inquiry was proceeding was a tall gray-haired man upon whom the eyes of most present were constantly turned with an expression of interest and almost pity.

He was a man of good appearance, tall and spare in form, with handsome regular features, gray hair, and an expression so stern and forbidding that its present sternness was hardly greater than that usually visible in the cold gray eyes and sternly-compressed lips.

Few indeed could have guessed from his external composure what intense emotion and anxiety were raging in a heart which had long been tutored to feel neither pain, nor compassion, nor sympathy.

For years Mr. Francis Greville, or Lawyer Greville, as he was more generally called in Ashford, had been known as a cold stern man first-rate in his profession and devoted to it to the exclusion of all other interests.

He was respected by every one at Ashford as his father and grandfather had been before him, as a man of the nicest honor, scrupulously just, upright, and honest; but even those who respected him most did not like him.

To win affection one must give proof of being able to return it; and no one in Ashford had ever seen Lawyer Greville's face change and grow kindly and sympathetic or heard his deep, sonorous, almost musical voice soften into tenderness—no one—not even the handsome young man that called him father, or the pretty golden-haired girl who looked at him with eyes so like the young mother's who had died in giving her birth.

And now, as he stood, tall and erect, in the bare whitewashed room, looking down upon the eager awe-stricken countenance of the jurymen and other of his fellow-townsmen, and saw on one and all the agitation they could not conceal, his stern handsome face showed no change, except that its usual pallor was intensified to ghastliness; and Doctor Arnold's keen, sorrowful eyes saw how tightly the strong hand was clenched as it hung by his side.

And yet not one present knew so well as did the lawyer himself what the result of that inquiry would be.

They all feared, but he was sure that, ere the dusk of the winter afternoon crept in at the wide uncurtained windows, the heaviest blow he could receive would have fallen upon him—a blow which would strike that which he held dearest on earth, his hitherto spotless name, a name respected during three generations, a name on which no spot of shame or dishonor had ever fallen, but which, from that day forth, would be on every lip in terms of opprobrium and contempt, dragged in the mire, coupled with a base and dastardly crime.

And through whom?

Through the one human being in all the world whom Lawyer Greville had ever loved, and who now had covered himself and all belonging to him with obloquy, who had given people the right to add to the name they both bore the shameful epithet of murderer—his only son!

For as the inquest proceeded, the vague suspicion which had at first been only whispered grew into a certainty.

The rumor that a young man who had been born and brought up in their midst, a man whose good looks and attractive manner had made him a general favorite, who was engaged to a girl whom they all knew and liked—that Frank Greville was guilty of the awful crime which had so shaken them—had been received by the inhabitants of Ashford with incredulous horror.

But soon the incredulity was to die away, and only the horror would remain.

One by one, with grave faces and unsteady voices, the witnesses gave their evidence.

The Coroner's face grew graver as he heard.

Most of them were servants in the household of the deceased; and, though none of them had very important evidence to give, it all tended to the same end.

His valet, an elderly man who had lived with Squire Rutledge for many years, was the first witness heard.

The man's face was very pale and his voice low and subdued as he spoke, answering the questions put to him, volunteering no evidence, suggesting nothing.

"You have been many years in the service of the deceased?"

"Twenty-four years, sir."

"You were his personal attendant?"

"I was, sir."

"Was it part of your duty to attend him on his retiring to rest?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did it happen that you did not do so on the night of the twenty-second?"

"My master did not require my services. He rang and desired that the household should not wait up; he would sit up for my mistress himself."

"Who answered the bell?"

"I did, sir."

"What time was that?"

"It was eleven o'clock."

"Your master was in the library?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you notice anything unusual in his manner?"

"He seemed rather put out; but——"

"Well?"

"But I knew that he was not pleased that my mistress had gone to the ball alone."

"How did you know that?"

"I had overheard some words between them earlier in the evening."

"How was that?"

"I was in my master's dressing-room, sir, putting out his things for dinner. He and my mistress were in the adjoining room. The door was open, and I heard my master say that he did not choose to go, and that she—my mistress—should not go alone."

The man spoke with some reluctance. He had an almost exaggerated respect for the family that he had served, and it seemed to him humiliating that the difference between Squire and Mrs. Rutledge should be spoken of in public, although they had been the subject of conversation for many weeks in the servants' hall.

"Did Mrs. Rutledge make any reply?"

"She laughed."

"Will you tell us all you can remember of what passed?"

"My master seemed greatly annoyed, and spoke angrily, sir. He said that he was the laughing-stock of all his acquaintances, that the state of things should exist no longer, and he insisted that my mistress should alter her conduct. He spoke of—of—some young gentleman, sir, whom he called an impudent young idiot, and blamed my mistress for allowing his attentions."

"He mentioned no name?"

"No name, sir."

"Did Mrs. Rutledge mention any name?"

"No, sir; she only laughed."

"Have you any idea who was meant?"

The man hesitated a little, glancing at the stern face at the end of the room before he answered.

"I think he alluded to Mr. Frank Greville, sir."

"What followed?"

"My master came into the dressing-room, sir, and saw me."

"Did he speak to you?"

"Yes; he said, 'Oh, are you there, Barker? Well, I don't mind you—you're an old servant, and will not chatter; but, if this state of things lasts much longer, Ashford will have something to talk about!'"

"Was that all?"

"That was all, sir."

"When did you see your master again."

"Not till the evening, sir, when I answered his bell, and he desired me to see that the household retired and that all was safe for the night.

"I begged him to allow me to wait up to admit my mistress; but he refused, saying that she would not be home until late, and that he had some business to attend to which would make the time pass pleasantly."

"And you went to bed?"

The witness glanced reproachfully at the speaker, one of the jurymen, who had interposed with the question, and there was a suspicion of injured dignity in his voice as he replied—

"Certainly."

"Was that the last time you saw your master alive?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were not disturbed during the night by any unusual sounds?"

"No, sir."

"Are the servants' rooms at any considerable distance from the library?"

"They are in another wing of the house!"

"That will do."

Barker stood aside, with a look of relief upon his face.

The next witness called was Doctor Arnold, who was sitting near the Coroner, his grave face full of pain.

He testified to having been summoned to Rutledge Hall on the morning following the Hunt ball, that he had found the Squire lying on a fur rug in the library, apparently in the position in which he had fallen.

He was quite dead, shot through the heart.

"How long had he been dead?"

"Some hours—four or five."

"Was death immediate?"

"Yes, instantaneous."

"Could the wound have been self-inflicted?"

"It is possible, but most unlikely."

"What is your own opinion?"

"That it was not self-inflicted."

"Were you on intimate terms with the deceased?"

"I was not. I knew him tolerably well as his medical attendant; but I was not on terms of intimacy with him."

"Would your professional knowledge of him draw you to the conclusion that he was a man likely, in the face of domestic trouble, to commit suicide?"

"Certainly not—far from it."

And then one by one the members of Mr. Rutledge's household were called—the coachman, who had driven Mrs. Rutledge home from the Hunt ball, and who spoke to having passed on the way a gentleman in evening-dress and without a hat, whom he thought he recognized as Mr. Frank Greville, going in the direction of the Hall, testifying also that the Squire had himself opened the door to Mrs. Rutledge, both of these statements being borne out by the added testimony of the footman on duty that night; others of the household who had overheard noisy discussions between the Squire and his beautiful wife, in which Frank Greville's name had been freely uttered.

The servant who had ushered him into his mistress's presence on the afternoon of the day of the Hunt ball, and who had opened the hall door for him when he left the Hall two hours later.

And of this man the jury asked several questions, which elicited the following information—that Mr. Greville was in shooting-garb and carried his gun, that Mrs. Rutledge had received him in the library, that he, the witness, had carried tea into her boudoir, and that they had left the library and adjourned thither, that it was quite two hours later when Mr. Greville left, that his mistress had not rung for him to open the door, but that he had been standing in the hall, when Mr. Greville came down-stairs—was not sure whether he had his gun with him when he left, but was quite sure he had it when he came.

"Could you identify the gun?"

"I could not be sure, sir."

"Is this it?"

"I believe so."

"Will you swear it is?"

"No, sir."

"This is the gun that was found in the library at Rutledge Hall, lying near the deceased?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can any one present identify the gun?"

There was a moment's dead silence; then a slow heavy footfall crossed the carpetless floor, traversing the short distance between the mantelpiece and the table.

"Will you allow me to examine it?" said the calm well-known voice of Lawyer Greville, without a tremor in its firm tones.

"Certainly."

Not less firm than the voice was the hand which lifted the gun and the keen eyes bent upon it showed no signs of faltering.

"It is my son's gun."

"You are sure, Mr. Greville?"

"I am quite sure. It was a present from me, and his own initials are engraved upon it."

It was even so.

On a little silver plate upon the gun were the three letters "F. E. G."—Francis Edward Greville.

Almost a groan broke from Doctor Arnold.

Great as the fears were, he had allowed himself to hope; but he felt now that his hope was groundless.

For Sidney's sake he would have given all he he was worth to prove Frank Greville's innocence.

Link by link the deadly chain of evidence was closing around the unfortunate young man, and his flight had confirmed his guilt in the minds of those most disposed to think him innocent.

Witness after witness spoke of the evident devotion he evinced for Mrs. Rutledge, of the encouragement she had given him, of the mad jealousy of the deceased, of his wishes, of Mrs. Rutledge's departure from the ball, of Frank Greville's simultaneous disappearance.

A gamekeeper in the service of the deceased swore positively to having met Frank Greville running like a madman down the avenue late that night, or rather early in the morning, while he—the gamekeeper—was going homewards, after a midnight watch for poachers.

Nor were there wanting witnesses who could speak of Frank Greville's wild worship of Sibyl Rutledge while she was Sibyl Neil, of passionate threats he had been overheard to utter when her engagement to Mr. Rutledge had been made public—of one scene in particular in the grounds of Lambswold, which had only been interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Stephen Daunt and his sister, but which had been partly witnessed by a gardener working near, and which had so vio ently agitated Miss Neil that medical assistance had been required.

All through the dusky winter afternoon, with falling snow without and lamps burning dimly in the wide bare room, the testimony was given, adding stone upon stone to the pile of evidence against Lawyer Greville's son and Sidney Arnold's fiance; and as he stood at the window looking out into the wintry dusk, Doctor Arnold wondered how Sidney would bear this terrible blow.

"Is Mr. Stephen Daunt present?" asked the Coroner.

Mr. Stephen Daunt was not present.

He had not been summoned as a witness, having apparently no evidence to give.

The Coroner demurred a little, but, coming to the conclusion that, if Mr. Daunt could have thrown any light upon the subject, he would have volunteered his testimony, proceeded with the rest of the evidence.

Finally Mrs Rutledge's maid was summoned, in the vain hope that she might throw some light upon the flight of her mistress, an event which seemed wrapped in mystery; but the woman had but little to say about it.

She had waited up for her mistress on the night of the ball; but she had fallen asleep in the bed-room her mistress occupied, and sleeping heavily, had only awoke when the day had dawned.

To her surprise she saw that the bed had not been slept in, and, in some alarm, she hurried into her mistress's dressing-room which adjoined it.

There she saw a scene of confusion which increased her terror; the costly white dress her mistress had worn at the ball lay upon the floor, the wardrobe was thrown open and its contents were scattered about the room; while half-way down the broad staircase she had found the gold-embroidered wrap which Mrs. Rutledge had worn on the previous night. But beyond this she could say nothing.

And beyond this there was nothing to learn, save that since that night nothing had been heard or seen, in spite of all inquiry and research, of Frank Greville or of Sibyl Rutledge.

If he were innocent, he was not there to assert his innocence.

If he were guilty, he was not there to take measures for his defence.

In the eyes of the men assembled there the thought of his flight with the murdered man's wife was even more horrible than the murder itself, for a shot is quickly fired in a passion or a fit of jealous rage, or even by accident—the deed itself might have been excused, but not the subsequent flight.

And so the inquiry came to an end, and

there was silence, a dread, ominous silence during which the Coroner sat leaning his head upon his hand, his face grave and stern, while at the window Doctor Arnold stood looking out into the darkness, knowing only too well what the verdict would be, yet dreading it with a terrible dread.

And in the shadow, still maintaining his attitude near the mantelpiece, to which the dim light of the oil-lamps did not extend, Francis Greville the elder awaited the verdict which must prove his son's doom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Under The Apple Blossoms.

BY OLIVE BELL.

GREY HALSTEAD Esq., tired, lonely, and dispirited, stood on the piazza of the Ocean House, gazing dreamily at the opaline sea, that stretched away, far as the eye could reach, only to be lost in a bed of crimson clouds, that rose upward, melting slowly to amber, and from amber to the palest carmine.

"Dreaming, Halstead?" cried the jovial voice of his young friend Floyd Carrol, as he gave Halstead a hearty slap on the back.

"No, only watching the clouds. Is that belt of amber, not glorious?" Halstead replied, turning his grave but smiling face to meet, not Floyd's eager blue eyes, but the eyes of the loveliest piece of humanity, he had seen for many a year.

"What a beauty!" was his inward exclamation, as he bowed gravely, to the vision, Floyd Carrol introduced as "Miss Amber Burton."

"Not so ethereal, as the amber you have been admiring, Halstead, but quite as lovely," laughed young Carrol.

"Hush!" smiled the young beauty, as she lifted a pair of velvety black eyes to Halstead's face.

Great, luminous eyes, with golden lights in their dark depths.

"Amber dislike's compliments," explains Carrol. "You see she has been feasted on them all her life. Don't you surfeit her with the same sweets."

"No compliment could outweigh the truth," was Halstead's gallant reply; and Amber Burton's dark head drooped with a shyness entirely foreign to her nature. There was something in the strong rugged beauty of the man before her, that overpowered her usual frankness.

She found it difficult to drift into any easy strain of conversation, with Halstead, for he seemed to be reading her rather shallow nature, like a book.

"Beautiful without!" was Halstead's inward comment, as he marked every curve of the perfect face and figure—every tint of the creamy-white skin, and flash of the luminous eyes, "but"—and he drew a long low sigh—"I doubt she is as heartless as the majority of beauties."

Then they talked for a few moments on general topics, and parted for the evening—Floyd to be his cousin Amber's escort to a hop at a neighboring hotel, while Grey Halstead, quiet, logical, and sad-hearted, paced the wide piazza with bowed head, and thoughtful eyes, arguing out his old doubts, of woman's faithlessness.

"They are all alike;" he concluded, "I have weighed so many, and found them wanting.

"And yet, I would give a kingdom if I owned it, to win the love of some pure true woman."

This was the beginning of a friendship, that ended so disastrously to both. Grey Halstead was utterly alone in the world. From childhood he struggled into manhood; from poverty he had worked himself into comfortable circumstances.

He was an able lawyer, and was rapidly winning a name for himself, when some spirit of evil drove him to the seaside for a breath of fresh salt air.

The next few weeks, found him often at Amber Burton's side.

His craving for womanly love, and sympathy, seemed to reach out after this fair young creature, whose voice reminded him of silver-toned bells, and whose laugh was an inspiration.

His guarded thoughts broke the bond at last, and he, fascinated, by the warm bright, beauty, and sympathetic ways of this girl-woman, worshiped her, as many a man before him, has worshiped some fair, but frail piece of flesh-and-blood, only to find their idol clay.

He had meant to analyze Amber Burton—sift her like wheat, grain by grain—before he committed himself, but passion swept away his logic, like the wind, and before a month, Amber knew she had a hold on the man, that nothing but death could loosen.

The best, and the worst, that could be said of her, was, that she was a flirt.

She, to use her own expression, liked Grey Halstead, better than any man she had ever met.

But he lacked one essential to perfect happiness, money.

Amber loved the luxuries of life too well, to think of living without them.

Costly raiment, glittering jewels, flowers, music, in fact, everything conducive to worldly pleasure, seemed but a part of her radiant self.

Great silvery floods of moonlight was whitening the yellow sands, and the sea murmured some drowsy monotone—like the low hum of many insects—as Amber, and Grey Halstead strolled along the beach one delicious moonlight night in mid-August.

"Amber," he called her Amber now, and his strong rich voice trembled a little, "I must leave here to-morrow, and before we part, I must tell you something."

Amber listened with bowed head, a deeper flush creeping into her carmine cheeks.

"Amber, I am no longer young; I am thirty-five, old and cynical beyond my years.

"Ten years ago, a woman, with as fair a face as yours in fact it was your resemblance to her that attracted me in the first place—jilted me, for a wealthier man.

"I never met another woman I could love, until I met you, and I do love you, but O, Amber, can I trust you?"

He paused, and looked down eagerly at Amber, who glanced up at him with an odd flash in her black eyes.

"You seem to take my love for granted," she said, with a roguish smile.

"Amber—Amber—" he suddenly cried, clasping her to him, "don't say you do not love me, for I know you do!"

And he kissed the warm, red lips so passionately, that Amber drew away from him hot, and flushed.

"Hush, Grey, some one will see us," whispered Amber, drawing him into the shadow of a huge rock.

For this fiery love-making was so different from any she had ever played a part in, that she had no desire to end it.

What was said, and done, during the next hour, it is useless to recount.

But years after, Amber Burton dragging its memory from the ashes of dead hopes, looks back at that August night, as a traveler in some barren desert looks back, in an agony of thirst and hunger, at the green oasis he has left behind him.

"I will wait for you, Grey. Early next May, you will come for me.

"The orchards around Riverton will all be in bloom, and my ideal of a wedding-day will be realized, for I always wanted to be married in May," whispered Amber, nestling close to his side.

"I will come for you, Amber," he took her fair face between his strong palms, and gazed into her velvety eyes with an intentness and solemnity that startled her, "living, or dead, Amber, I will be with you when the apple orchards are in bloom!"

Then releasing her, they strolled slowly back to the hotel, both too happy for words.

For to do Amber justice, she was deeply touched, and at the time, felt, that no man but Grey Halstead could reach her heart. A crust with him, would be sweeter than the richest viands of the land with another.

"Grey," she says, gently, "I wish you would come and visit me in my western home during the winter. I will be lonely without you."

"I will work like a slave for your sake Amber.

"No labor will be too hard for me, no problem so great that I will not solve; but Amber I will not visit your home until May.

"Then we will take up the burden of life together. O, Amber, will you stand the test of this separation? Will I find you faithful?"

"You will find me, unchanged, Grey." Amber spoke confidently, for she believed that she had found the greatest blessing, Heaven could bestow on her, and for the future, she meant to be wise, stable, and true to the better instincts of her nature.

So they parted, Grey Halstead going to his work in a dreary musty office, Amber to her beautiful home in Riverton, one of the loveliest villages in a western state.

For months, Grey Halstead labored like a giant.

He was rising rapidly in his profession, and Amber's cheerful, loving, letters were like gleams of sunshine in a wintry sky. No power on earth could shake his faith in her now, and so blindly, heedlessly, he went on in his mad devotion, until the May blossom's lay white on the orchard grass.

"Amber, you are a wicked woman!" Floyd Carrol's honest blue eyes blazed with just wrath, as he gazed down at Amber Burton's beautiful, but haughty face. She was seated on the grass, at the foot of a huge apple tree, whose pink and white blooms fell around her like flakes of snow, mingled with rose leaves.

On her white dress with its dainty knots of crimson ribbon, on the dark head and snowy hands lying idly in her lap, they fell softly and silently, while Amber, with closed lips, and knitted brows gazed absently into the distant meadows.

A hedge grew along the path, and Floyd could not help thinking what a lovely picture she made, set off by that back-ground of greens.

"Yes, Amber, I repeat it, you are a wicked woman.

"What will Grey Halstead say, when he hears you have thrown him over, for that rich old nabob, Judge Hamilton? Does he know? When have you written to him?"

"About a month ago," in a low shamed voice, for Floyd's contempt humbled her.

"And you told him?"

"No." For Amber, like all heartless women, was a thorough coward.

"God forgive you, Amber. That man worshipped you—more fool he! And you really intend to marry Judge Hamilton on the twentieth?"

"I will marry Judge Hamilton on the twentieth," spoke Amber, in a clear, firm voice, as she slowly rose to her feet.

"Very well!" Floyd's face was white with indignation as he turned away. "God may forgive you Amber Burton, but I never will."

Amber stood very still a moment or two, then began pacing up and down the narrow path in an abstracted way.

Once a bird flew out of the hedge, and startled her.

Her cheeks grew flushed, and her eyes had a feverish light in their luminous depths.

It is not pleasant to think of any person we have wronged, and Amber Burton did not want to think of Grey Halstead.

She had wronged him—past all forgiveness—and she knew it.

But she must do the best she could, with her life, she reasoned, and Grey could never give her the luxuries her heart craved.

She grew so restless, that she walked to the end of the hedge, and impelled by some invisible power, she crossed the stile, and walked slowly back on the opposite side. Under the spreading boughs of the apple tree where she and Floyd had stood, a dark form was lying.

A white face was upturned to the golden May sunshine, and from a horrid gash in the throat, little streams of blood were trickling down on the green grass.

Amber stared one second in wild dismay.

Then her dazed brain took in the whole miserable truth, for it was Grey Halstead, who had been walking up the path from the station, and overheard her words to Floyd Carrol.

"Living or dead, I will come to you in May, Amber!" rang in her ears, and with a scream that pierced every shady nook in the orchard, Amber, fell over the dying man she had driven to self-distruction.

Floyd Carrol was the first to reach the scene.

He found Amber, with her thin hands clasped around the gashed throat of her dead lover, covering his silent lips with hot kisses, muttering some strange, wild gibberish, about "apple blossoms" and "Judge Hamilton."

Months after, Amber rose from a sick bed, a sad, unhappy woman, whose horror of apple blossoms amounted almost to a mania.

THE CATACOMBS.—The Roman catacombs are subterranean excavations which served as places of refuge and of worship to the earliest followers of faith during the persecutions they had to suffer under the predecessors of Constantine, and of repose after death to so many thousands, from the earliest period of Christianity to the sixth century of our era.

It is not easy to assign a reason for the name of catacombs, now generally applied to all these excavations. It appears to have been first employed in the seventh century to designate a limited space or vault beneath the basilica of St. Sebastian, on the Appian Way, *ad Catacumbas*, where the remains of St. Peter and St. Paul were deposited when recovered from certain Greeks who were carrying them off by stealth to their country.

Its general application, however, to these Christian sepulchres only came into use at a much later period, for we find them universally designated, in the Acts of the Martyrs and early fathers of the Church, as Cemeteries, or Places of Repose.

The catacombs are distributed in considerable numbers—about sixty in all—in every direction outside the walls of the city.

It is very doubtful whether any exist within the precincts of modern Rome, even inside of the Aurelian wall, much less of the ancient precinct of Servius Tullius, a circumstance easily accounted for by a strict observance of the enactment of the Twelve Tables, which forbade intramural interment, and by the secrecy which the early Christians were compelled to observe in resorting when alive, and conveying the remains of their brethren when dead, to these places of retirement and repose.

The catacombs consist of an immense network of subterranean passages or galleries, generally intersecting each other at right angles, sometimes tortuous, more rarely diverging from a centre, as may be seen in those near St. Lorenzo fuori le Mura.

These galleries vary in length and height; in general they may be stated to be eight feet high by three to five feet wide; the roof is either horizontal or slightly vaulted, and seldom requires any other support than the sides in which are excavated the sepulchral *loculi*, or graves, forming tiers above each other.

These graves are irregular in size, persons of all ages being interred close to each other, as well as in depth, sometimes being destined to contain a single corpse; in other cases, two or three.

The average number of graves in each tier is about five, and their length eight feet. When undisturbed they are found closed with marble slabs or tiles, on which inscriptions and Christian emblems are often cut or painted.

Besides these loculi, confined to the walls of the galleries, wider spaces called Arcisolia, consisting of an arch over a grave, or a sarcophagus hollowed in the tufa, are frequent, forming a kind of small apse over the place where the body was deposited. A third class, in the shape of sepulchral chambers, surrounded with loculi and arcisolia, occur at intervals, and these have often also been converted into family vaults and places of worship; to these the name of Cubicula has been applied.

A fourth description of crypts or chapels of larger dimensions were evidently destined for places of meeting and worship.

It was only after the conversion of the Emperor Constantine to Christianity that its rites were permitted to be celebrated in public, but long afterwards these crypts continued to be resorted to for devotional purposes.

It was not until later in time that oratories and churches were erected over the entrance of the principal cemeteries with more convenient means of access in the form of stairs.

Several of these churches have since been reckoned amongst the most celebrated in and about Rome.

St. Peter's was erected over the cemetery of the Vatican, St. Paul's over that of Santa Lucina, San Lorenzo over those of St. Hypolitus and St. Cyriaca, and the beautiful basilica of St. Agnes over the catacomb in which that virgin martyr was interred.

Bric-a-Brac.

BOTTLES.—A little powdered charcoal will cleanse and sweeten bottles if it is well shaken about in them.

A RIVAL.—The names of John Q. Adams and Jackson will be handed down to posterity. They are not the immortal American statesmen, though. These were both citizens of Alabama and both loved the same girl. Jackson, having the good-will of the girl's parents, got her and moved to Texas, where she became the mother of nineteen children. Adams found another to love and to cherish, and he became the father of twenty-one children. His rival, Jackson, and his own wife died recently, and he has gone to Texas to marry his first love, and to preside over the destinies of a household made lively by the presence of forty children.

EARTHQUAKES.—Anaxagoras, the Rhodian, held that earthquakes are nothing but a sort of cosmic flatulence—winds which have strayed into caverns, where they cannot find an outlet. Aristotle ascribes them to vapors generated by the infiltration of water through the fissures of a rocky seabottom; and Pliny, to the pressure of air confined in deep caves, and retching against the collapse of superincumbent rock-strata. But the most ingenious explanation is offered by St. Thomas, of Aquina. Earthquakes, he suggests, may be caused by the struggles of defunct unbelievers, trying (by a simultaneous stampede, perhaps) to escape from the pit of torment.

THE WESTERN COWBOY.—A correspondent says: "I asked the 'King of the Cowboys' why it was that cowboys and others who lived on the plains wore their hair long. It seemed to me rather effeminate than otherwise, and, if it were done for picturesqueness, I wondered that such men as they stopped to consider anything of that sort, but he told me that it was for three reasons: One, that it was very hard to get the hair cut on the plains; two, that it kept their ears from taking cold, as it fell around their necks; three, that they would be considered cowards by the Indians if they cut their scalp-locks, and if an Indian once thinks a man a coward that man can never have any influence with him."

A STRANGE DREAM.—A lady on the eve of her wedding day, had a curious dream. She saw on a table, some bunches of wedding rings. Various persons made their selections from these bunches. One bunch represented rings taken by those who married from thoughtlessness, second rings selected by those who married from pride; a third, rings chosen by those who married for money; a fourth, rings picked out by those who married from principle and true affection. Then the figure of Time appeared on the scene; as he touched one bunch of rings they were found only to be copper. Another bunch changed into curling vipers, and it was only the rings which had been selected from esteem and affection, that stood the test, and proved to be pure gold.

THE INSTABILITY OF PIGEONS.—Pigeons are among the most peculiar of birds in their habits, one characteristic being that they take up with strange pigeons, and will fly away, one or two at a time, with the stranger, until the whole flock has moved to new quarters and new masters. Another peculiarity is that the male bird will sit on the eggs the same as a female, and furnishes half the food for the young. The common pigeon is undoubtedly what was known to the ancients, and is the Biblical dove which was sent out from the ark and returned with the olive branch. An interesting fact concerning pigeons is, that they drink like cattle—with long continuous draughts—without rising their heads. Another thing is, they feed their young with the white curd-like contents of the crop, the male being even better supplied with this tender food than the female. This is known as pigeon milk.

WHALEBONE.—Few persons know what the whalebone of commerce represents in the living animal. Whalebone, in fact, represents an enormous development of the gum of the whale, and exists in the living animal in the form of two rows of plates, which, like a great double fringe, hang or depend from its palate. One hundred of these plates exist in the mouth of a whale and the largest plates may measure from eight to ten or twelve feet in length. The inner edges of these whalebone plates exhibit a fringed or frayed-out appearance, and the whole apparatus is adapted to serve as a kind of gigantic sieve or strainer. Thus, when the whale fills the mouth with water, large numbers of small or minute animals, allied to jelly-fishes and the like, are engulfed and drawn into the capacious mouth cavity. The water is allowed to escape by the sides of the mouth, but its solid animal contents are strained and entangled by the whalebone fringes, and when a sufficient quantity of food has been captured in this way, the morsel is swallowed. Thus it is somewhat curious to reflect that the largest animals are supported by some of the smallest beings.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

Though you should come and kneel low at my feet,
And weep in blood-red tears of agony,
It would not bring one single pang to me,
Nor stir my heart out of its quiet beat.

There was a time when any word you spoke,
When just the sound of your melodious voice
Would thrill me through and make my heart rejoice,
Your will was law. But now the spell is broke.

Your rudely woke me from my dream of bliss.
Knowing my love—reading it everywhere,
You sought to see how much my heart would bear.
Some things I can forgive—but never this.

And though an angel, with a shining brow,
Should come from heaven and speak to me and say:
"Go with this man, and be his own alway,"
I would defy her, rather than trust you now.

Though you should pray me, writhing in white pain,
For just one last caress, and I should know
That you were draining all the dregs of woe,
I would not let you hold my hand again.

This is a woman's love—a woman's pride.
There is a stream that never can be crossed,
It rolls between us, and the trust I lost
Was sunk forever in the seething tide.

AT QUEEN'S CHACE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

GO," he said to Morton; "leave Miss di Cyntha's presence, and never dare to seek it again. Leave this house at once.

"In one hour from now you are within the walls, nothing will save you from prison."

"And nothing will save Miss di Cyntha from penal servitude," she rejoined.

The woman's persistence in her story astounded him, while Veronica's silence bewildered him.

It could not be true—of course it was false.

It was evident from her silence that there was a mystery.

"Hush!"

The white lips had opened again, and a voice that was unlike any he had ever heard came to him in the sunlit silence.

"Do not drive her to extremes. Send her away."

Then Sir Marc, pointing to the door, said—

"Go! Leave the house; but wait for me at the railway station at Hurstwood. I will see you there."

The woman left the room, and he took Veronica in his arms.

"Sweetheart," he said, "what is this mystery? Why did you not deny that woman's outrageous charges? My Veronica burn a will?

"You cannot think how it has distressed me."

He kissed the white cold face, which looked as though neither warmth nor color could ever brighten it again.

His heart was full of keen intolerable pain.

"There is some mystery, Veronica," he went on; "I can see that. Tell me what it is."

"I cannot," she said.

And the two simple words were more terrible to him than any others.

"At least, my darling," he pleaded, "tell me that it is not true. I cannot endure that you should remain silent under such a charge.

"It is unwomanly almost—deny it. I ask no explanation of the mystery; my sweetheart shall be as free and unfettered as the wind that blows. But I do ask this—deny those horrible words."

Then she looked at him, with the pallor of death on her face.

She tried to speak lightly, but her lips trembled.

She tried to smile, but the smile died away.

"What if I could not deny it, Marc?"

His face flamed hotly.

"Great Heaven, Veronica," he cried, "do not jest over such a subject as this—do not jest about a crime!

"I should not have thought you capable of such light words."

"I am not jesting," she answered; "I never thought of doing so."

She saw his face grow stern and his eyes take a cold, hard expression.

"Veronica," he said, "answer me one question—it is your own fault that I have to ask it—is that woman's charges true? She says that she holds proofs—is it true? Tell me—did you burn a will or did you not? Answer me."

She knew that it would be useless to resist her fate even if she could lie—Morton would produce the charred fragments as evidence.

She—Veronica—would not attempt to screen herself.

He must think what he would.

"Did you destroy a will, Veronica?" he replied. "Answer me—I shall go mad with suspense."

She raised her white face to his, and spoke slowly—

"It is quite true," she said—"I did burn Sir Joseph Brandon's last will and testament; yet listen—I would deny it if I dared but if that woman holds those fatal proofs it is useless."

He drew back from her as though she had stabbed him.

"You do not mean it, I am sure," he said—"you cannot mean it—it would be too horrible.

"You are saying it to try my love—only for that—to try my faith, my darling; you could not have done it."

"Was it so great a crime?" she asked simply.

"A crime?" he repeated. "The person who could even ask such a question must be dead to all sense of honor and shame. A crime? I should place it next to murder."

"I did not know it," she said softly; "I never thought of that."

He looked at her in horror.

"Then you did it—you really and truly did it, Veronica," he said.

"Yes, I did it, Marc," she replied very sadly.

"What was the reason? Why did you do it? What was your motive? Tell me that I may understand."

"I cannot do that," she replied sadly. "I can tell you no more than this, that I of my own accord burned that will."

"Great Heaven," he cried, "it is incredible! Did any one else know?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied.

"Was any one else present?"

"No," she answered.

"Was the will you destroyed one against your own interests? Did it take money from you, or what?"

She raised her dark eyes in solemn wonder at the question.

"You must think what you will of my motives," she replied—"I can not explain them to you."

"It is incredible!" he cried. "I could believe you and myself both mad before I could believe this. It is some foul trick, some horrible farce!"

"No," she replied, "it is the simple, terrible truth. I destroyed the will, but I did not know it was such a crime as you say."

"And if you had known?" he cried.

"I should have destroyed it just the same."

"You swear it is true?" he said.

"I swear it," she replied.

They stood looking at each other, while the sunbeams fell between them and the birds sang on the roses outside the window.

Veronica was the first to break the terrible silence.

"Marc," she said, "you will not betray me?"

"No," he replied slowly, "I will not betray you, lest the iron hand of the law should grasp you. Great Heaven, how could you have done such a deed?"

She looked at him with a shudder.

"Could I really be put into prison for it?" she said.

"Yes, if those whom you have defrauded chose to prosecute you;" and then he wondered, for a soft sweet light came over the white stillness of her face.

"I see," she said slowly—"I understand."

"Veronica," he cried, "how callous you are! You seem to have no shame for the deed that you have done."

She was asking herself what she should do—how she should make him understand.

And then, with a great, sharp, bitter pang, the thought came to her that she could never make him understand, that she could never break her oath, the oath taken with her hands on her dead father's heart. He was looking at her with wistful eyes.

"You, Veronica," he said, "whom I thought of all women the most perfect, will you tell me why you did this?

"Will you give me some explanation of the mystery—any key by which I may solve it?

"Will you say one word that will lessen my misery?"

"I cannot," she replied. "I am bound in chains of iron—I cannot tell you this one bare fact—I burned the will. You must trust me all in all, or not at all."

"Trust you? Great Heaven, trust a woman who could burn the will of a dead man!

"Stay, tell me one thing. Did he wish you to destroy it? Did he ask you to do so?"

"No," she replied, "he did not."

"Then do not ask me to trust you, Veronica. No man's honor would be safe in such hands.

"If there is a mystery, and you will explain it to me, good, that will do; if not, we must part."

She held out her arms to him with a low cry.

"Part," she repeated—"part—you and I?"

"You," he answered, coldly, "if it broke my heart a hundred times over. You do not suppose that I, a man of honor, could marry a woman who had deliberately destroyed the will of a dead men? I would not marry such a one even if the loss of her killed me."

"I never thought of that," she said clasping her hands.

"I should imagine not," replied Sir Marc.

"I could never look at you without remembering what you had done. I should be wretched, miserable. We must part."

"Part!" she repeated faintly. "Oh, Marc I thought you loved me so!"

"Loved you? I love you even now, despite what you have done; but marry you I cannot, Veronica. Your own conduct has parted us."

"You must not leave me, Marc," she said holding out her arms to him. "You are more than my life; you must not go."

"I could never trust you," he said, holding back her arms lest they should clasp his neck unawares.

"There is no help for it, Veronica. Unless you can explain away this mystery, we must part.

"Think it over, and give me the answer yourself."

She stood quite silent before him, her white face drooping from the sunshine, her hands clasped in mortal pain.

Was there any chance, any loop-hole of escape?

Could anything absolve her from her solemn vow?

No, there could be no release.

It was for Katherine's sake, for her father's memory, the same urgent reasons that had influenced her before existed now.

Were she to be induced to break her vow Katherine would suffer tenfold. She would keep it.

"Must we part, Veronica?" he said, "we who have loved each other with so great a love, must we part?"

"Unless you can trust me, and let me keep silence," she replied.

"I cannot trust you; I can only say good-by. Good-by, Veronica. You have broken the heart of the man who has loved you as few have ever loved. Farewell!"

He did not touch her hand, or kiss her face, or stop to utter one more word.

Perhaps, if he had done so, his strength would have failed him.

He left her standing there in the sunshine with the bitterness of death hanging over her.

He went at once in search of Lady Brandon.

He found her in the pretty morning-room alone.

She cried out when she saw his pale set face.

"What is the matter, Sir Marc? What is wrong?"

"I want to speak to you, Lady Brandon," he said. "Veronica and I have had some unpleasant words.

"We had a quarrel that can never be healed, and we have parted forever."

Lady Brandon held up her hands in dismay.

"Can it be possible, Sir Marc, that you have parted with Veronica? Why, she will break her heart!

"It must be. Let me go to her, let me talk to her. If she has offended you, she will, I am sure, be very sorry; let me go to her.

"I know how she loves you, my poor Veronica."

"It is quite impossible," he said, hurriedly. "This quarrel can never be healed; even if Veronica wished it, I could not."

"You are angry, Sir Marc," asserted Lady Brandon; "and when your anger subsides you will be sorry for this."

"I shall regret it all my life," he said; "no one knows that better than I do. There will never dawn another happy day for me. Lady Brandon, I am a lost, ruined man."

"You will think better of it," she told him. "How could you quarrel with Veronica?

"I know no one like her; she is so good, so tender of heart, so true, so loyal!"

"No more!" he cried, shuddering. "I can hear no more!"

"You must hear me," Lady Brandon persisted. "I cannot have Veronica sacrificed to a mere fit of temper."

"It is worse than that," he declared.

"Have you thought what the world will say, Sir Marc? Her wedding-dress is ordered, her trousseau is prepared. Everything is being put in a state of readiness for the wedding. What am I to say?"

"There is nothing to say," he replied gloomily, "except that Veronica has dismissed me.

"I will take all the blame, all the shame, all the disgrace. But, Lady Brandon, there is one thing that I should like to ask of you.

"Do not talk to her about our disagreement. Do not ask her any questions. That which we have quarreled about lies between us a dead secret.

"Promise me that you will not ask her any questions; it will only distress her and do no good."

"But, Sir Marc, will you not trust me, and tell me something, at least?"

"No," he replied. "You have been very kind to me, Lady Brandon, let me say good-by to you, and thank you heartily for all your goodness to me."

"You will surely stay and see Katherine?" cried Lady Brandon.

"No. Tell her that I had not the courage to stay and see her, but that I hoped she would be kind to Veronica."

Then Lady Brandon broke down, and wept passionate tears.

"You will break Veronica's heart," she cried, "you should not leave her."

"Heaven bless you for a kind-hearted, generous woman!" he said, bending down to kiss her hand.

"I wish all women were like you. I shall go at once. You will see that all belonging to me is sent after me, Lady Brandon?"

But she only sobbed that he should not leave Veronica.

"Go to her," he said; "and, Lady Brandon, while you comfort her, do not speak to her of me." She next moment he was gone.

She was almost bewildered to know how to act.

"I would give much to know what the quarrel has been about," she said to herself; "but I suppose I shall never learn." And then she went to Veronica's room.

The unhappy girl had fallen where her lover had left her, and lay like one dead on the floor.

Lady Brandon raised her; she tried to bring back consciousness to her; and then she thought to herself, "If she really loves him so well, and they have parted forever, it would be more merciful to let her die."

CHAPTER X.

CRUSHING the green leaves and sweet blossoms under his feet, trampling down the smiling flowers, beating aside the trailing sprays, his heart beating, his brain on fire, Sir Marc hastened across the park.

It seemed to him that the whole world had suddenly crumbled to ruins.

He muttered bitter, terrible words to himself.

If the stars had fallen from heaven, it would have surprised him less than the fact that Veronica had done wrong, his ideal, the one pure, noble, gentle soul in whom he had placed all his trust.

All that was beautiful, poetical, maidenly and charming seemed to be vested in her; and now his ideal had been rudely destroyed.

"I will never believe in any human being again while I live," he said to himself—"never! So fair, so beautiful, so loving, so tender, yet so lost to all sense of what is right! I will never look again at woman's face!"

He reached the railway station at Hurstwood, and there, half hidden by a long black veil, he saw Clara Morton. She rose as he came up to her.

"It is well," he said, "that you are a woman; if you were a man I would horsewhip you!"

There was such fierce, hot anger in his eyes that she shrank back.

"You need not fear," he added scornfully.

"Give me your proofs, name your price, and then never let your shadow fall across my path again."

Dealing with a man was different from frightening a delicate, refined girl, Clara Morton found. She began a whole string of excuses.

"Not one word," he said. "Simply repeat the story. Let me hear all the details, and then give me your proofs and name your price."

She told him the story, and then added—"My proofs are the charred remains of the parchment that I took from the fire, on which you will plainly see these words, 'Last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon.'"

"What do you want for it?" he asked contemptuously.

"It is not for myself, Sir Marc—it is not indeed. I want five hundred pounds."

"You are modest in your demands, certainly, and you have ruined me. But why should I waste words on such as you? If I give you the sum you name, you must not only surrender what you are pleased to call your proofs, but you must take an oath to keep the secret and leave England. If you return—listen to my threat—if you dare to return and address by letter or by word of mouth that hapless lady, I will have you indicted for conspiracy, and your sentence will probably be hard labor for life. As to your conduct, it is so utterly, horribly base, I have no patience to speak of it."

The woman murmured some words.

He did not even listen to them.

"I have no wish to hear more," he said. "I will give you a check for five hundred pounds on condition that you give me your proofs and take the required oath.

"Tremble if you dare to break it—tremble if your false, wicked face is seen here again!"

He took out his check-book, and, going into one of the station offices, made out a check for the sum named.

On returning he placed it quietly in her hands, and she gave him the packet containing the charred fragments of the will, and took the oath upon which he had insisted.

Suddenly he pointed to the great open gates, and she passed out of them.

They never met again.

As she passed out of the gates, so she passed out of his life.

Whether the punishment of her wickedness ever came in this world he never knew.

Then Sir Marc went away to London.

What to do with himself he could not tell.

He felt that it was impossible for him to take up the broken thread of his life.

In the first hot, angry flush of his disappointment he had not realized what life without Veronica would be.

Now that it stretched out before him in all its chill, terrible reality, he was at a loss how to endure it.

There were times even when he almost wished he had forgiven her.

Then he recoiled from the thought.

How could he love a woman to whom the word "honor" was an empty sound?

Sir Marc was most unhappy.

He read with a stony face all the paragraphs which said that there was no foundation for the rumor of the approaching marriage of Sir Marc Caryll—that he was going abroad.

He made no complaint, no moan, but he owned to himself that his life was ended.

He would close Werveburst Manor, and spend the remainder of his days where nothing could remind him of the love he had lost.

There was to be no angel in the house for him.

He knew that he must love Veronica until he died—that no one else could ever take her place—that no one else could ever be to him what she had been.

Had she died, it seemed to him that his grief would have been easier to bear.

Then he would have retained all his love; now his love must go, while he was stranded.

Life had lost all its attraction for him.

He had freed Veronica from her bondage of that he was pleased to think.

No one could frighten her now.

She was quite safe, and the terrible secret was dead and buried.

He looked away the charred fragments; he did not destroy them—he could never tell why.

And that one simple proceeding altered the whole destiny of his life.

Had there been a fire in his room when he reached home, he would have tossed the little packet into the flames.

As it was, the door of his iron safe was open, and he flung the packet into it.

Then he set about making arrangements for going abroad.

But he found that it would be impossible—that he could not leave England until after Christmas without neglecting duties that his conscience would not allow him to neglect.

He said to himself that he must be content.

There was no help for it.

He must shut himself up in the old Manor House where Veronica's sweet face would never shine.

Time would pass when once he was over the seas—he would live on excitement. Anything would be better than staying in England.

Yet by night and by day—despite all his stern resolve to forget Veronica—he was always asking himself why she had burned the will—what her motive was—what she had gained by it?

Was it possible that the will took from her some legacy or gift?

"I never thought that she even cared for money," he said to himself over and over again.

"She seemed so free from all mercenary taint. Why did she destroy the will?"

The more he thought about it the more he was puzzled, the greater grew the mystery.

He drove himself almost mad with conjecturing; and he never even faintly guessed the truth, it never dawned across him.

So the time wore away.

He bore patiently all comments and remarks.

It was supposed by the world in general that he had been dismissed by Miss di Cyntha; no one had even an inkling of the truth.

He grew pale and thin during those few months; but they passed at last.

Two days before Christmas day all his arrangements were made, and he was ready to sail.

He bethought himself then that it would only be right to destroy the charred fragments of the will, for if they fell into other hands there would be danger; and one wild day in December, when the wind was wailing and roaring round the house, he went to the safe and took from it the little parcel.

The snow was beating furiously against the window, great masses of cloud darkened the heavy skies; then came a lull in the storm.

Never until the day he dies will Sir Marc forget the hour and the scene.

With some curiosity he went to the window to examine the charred fragments; quite distinctly he saw the words—"The last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon."

"Poor child!" he murmured to himself. "What could have prompted her to do this most evil deed?"

A little robin-redbreast fell with fluttering wings on the window-sill, beaten down by the snow and the wind; it lay there, fluttering, gasping, with its little life almost gone.

He was tender of heart, this man so stern in morals; he could not endure the sight of the little bird's agony.

He dropped the parchment and opened the window.

He took in the little helpless creature, he warmed it and fed it, and then bethought himself of the will.

He hastened to pick it up; it had opened as it fell, and as he raised it he saw words that he had not seen before.

He took it to the window, and as he examined it his face grew white, great dark shadows came into his eyes, and he cried—

"Great Heaven! How is it that I never even thought of this before?"

CHAPTER XI.

GREAT had been the consternation at Queen's Chace when Lady Brandon, in few curt words, said that Miss di Cyntha's wedding was postponed indefinitely.

The worst of it was there came no solution to the mystery—whether there had been a quarrel or not no one could say.

All that was known was that Sir Marc had left quite suddenly one day, and that two or three days afterward those interested had been told to cease all preparations for the wedding.

No one was more astonished than Katherine when her mother told her the news; and at first she refused to believe it.

"There is some mistake, mamma," she cried; "I would more readily believe that Alton did not care for me."

"Unfortunately there is no mistake," said Lady Brandon sadly.

"Whose fault is it?" inquired Katherine. "Not Veronica's?

"I am quite sure that Veronica loved Sir Marc more dearly than I can tell.

"It always seemed to me that her love was her life.

"It cannot be Sir Marc's, for he loved the very ground she stood on. I cannot understand it, mamma. What does Veronica say?"

"Nothing. She only looks unutterably sad and miserable, and begs of me not to talk of it!"

"I will go to her myself," said Katherine impulsively.

"It is useless, Katherine," returned Lady Brandon. "She will only be more miserable than ever."

But Katherine could not be controlled.

She hastened up to Veronica's room and found her favorite standing by the window.

"My darling, you have been very ill!" she cried. "Mamma says that you have fainted!"

Then she started, for Veronica had turned round to greet her.

The change that had come over her was so terrible that the young heiress was shocked.

Veronica's face was pale and worn, the dark eyes were tearless, but there was in them a look of fathomless woe.

"Veronica," cried the girl, "it is true, then! I can see from your face that it is true; there is no need to ask a question. You and Sir Marc have parted!"

"Yes," she said drearily, "we have parted, Katherine—not for an hour, a day, or a year, but forever."

"I will not believe it! What has come between you two who loved each other so well?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Veronica, with a low sigh.

"You must tell me," declared Katherine. "I want to help you. I could not live and know that you were unhappy, Veronica. I must follow Sir Marc and bring him back."

"I cannot tell anything about it, Katherine," said Veronica. "And yet I may tell you this. He asked me to do something for him, and I refused; he placed the alternative of parting before me, and I took it. You will ask me nothing more?"

"No," she replied musingly—"that is, unless you like to trust me more fully."

"I cannot," said Veronica with a shudder; "he has gone, and we shall not meet again in this world; yet I was worthy of his love. To me it seems that I have stood by him dead and kissed him for the last time."

Her voice had in it a ring of weary despondency.

Her eyes were fixed with a strange dazed expression.

Her hands were folded and lay on her knees.

She looked up at Katherine.

"Kate, give me one promise," she said—"just one. Tell me that you will never renew this subject. To renew it will be simply to give me bitter pain. Promise me that you will never do so."

Her face had such an imploring look that the young heiress could not resist her.

"I do promise," she said.

Then for one minute the dreary calmness of the beautiful face was broken.

"Kate, come and sit by me," she requested; "let us talk of you—not of me—of you and your bright life, your happy love."

She took the young heiress caressingly into her arms.

"Come and tell me, dear, how happy you are—it will comfort me a little. You are all the world to me—it will comfort me so much to hear that you are really happy; talk to me about it."

It seemed to the lonely desolate soul and the aching heart there would be some little support, some little comfort, in hearing that her great sacrifice had not been in vain—in knowing that Katherine would gain from her—Veronica's—sorrow.

"It seems so selfish for me to talk of happiness while you are so sad as you are now, Veronica."

"It will comfort," she pleaded—"you do not know why, but it will comfort me so much."

"Then," said the young heiress, "I am happy, Veronica. My life is so bright, so beautiful, that I would not change it for any other life."

She paused.

"Go on," requested Veronica.

"I am rich," said the young girl, "and—I am like a child—I love my position. I love my grand, beautiful inheritance."

Then Veronica raised her head, and a faint smile came over her white troubled face.

"You are sure of that," she questioned eagerly—"quite sure?"

"Yes, indeed I am," replied Katherine. "No one could even guess how dearly I love the Chace."

"Now tell me about your love," said Veronica.

"What can I tell you, dear, save that my love and my life are one—that I have no thought, or wish, or desire, that does not begin and end in Alton? Now, has that comforted you?"

"Yes, more than anything you could have said. You could have thought of nothing that would comfort me one half so much. You will leave me now, Kate—I am the better for your coming, dear—and when we meet again all will be forgotten, except that we love each other."

It had not all been in vain then.

The sun of her life had set in darkness and gloom, but she had made one at least happy.

So the past was mentioned to her no more.

She tried to bear her life.

She never complained.

She was like a devoted daughter to Lady Brandon.

She was the most loving of sisters to the young heiress.

But day by day she grew more and more sad.

She grew pale and thin.

She began to hope that Heaven would take pity on her and let her die very, very soon.

So the winter months came round.

At Christmas preparations were begun for the approaching marriage of the young heiress.

Lady Brandon had invited a large circle of guests.

One of them, not knowing of the recent *contretemps*, having just returned from Spain, spoke of Sir Marc Caryll, and said that he was going to take up his residence abroad.

Veronica overheard it.

She did not speak.

The lovely face grew paler.

A mist of unshed tears dimmed the beautiful eyes.

Soon afterward she went to Lady Brandon's room, her marvelous self-control gone at last.

She stood before her with a look that Lady Brandon never forgot.

"You must let me go away," she said; "I cannot remain here. I cannot bear it. You must let me go home to Venice to die."

Then she wept as she had never wept in her life before, as one who had no hope—wept until Lady Brandon was alarmed, and she herself was exhausted.

Then Lady Brandon said to her—

"You shall go; I will take you. You shall go to Venice, or where you will; only wait—wait, for my sake, until the wedding is over."

So for the sake of the woman who had influenced her so strongly she waited, but it seemed to her and to everyone else that those days brought her nearer to death.

"Do people ever die of a broken heart?" she thought. "A year ago I was strong and well. I had color in my face and light in my eyes; I had strength in my limbs and joy in my heart. Now my strength has left me; people look grave when their eyes rest on me; life is a heavy burden that I would fain lay down—and why? What has happened? I have lost my love! The man who took my heart from me has left me, and—I may hide it as I may—I am pining for one look at his face before I die. Oh, Marc, my sweetheart, could you not have trusted me even ever so little? I shall send for him when I am dying, and ask him to hold me in his strong arms. Oh, Marc, you might have trusted me, for you were all I had in the world!"

So she wore her heart and her life away, longing only for death, that, dying, she might see him again.

CHAPTER XII.

"PEACE on earth," rang the Christmas bells—"Peace on earth, good-will toward men!"

The music came pealing over the snow, stirring men's hearts with the warmth of love.

It was such a Christmas as had not been seen for years, so bright, so clear and so frosty.

The country people said strange things must happen, for the holly was so full of berries.

Queen's Chace was unusually gay.

Outside in the deep woods the snow lay thick and white.

The evergreens stood out like huge sentinels.

The dainty laurel-leaves held little nests of snow.

The fir raised its head with a stately air, for King Christmas never came in without it.

The world was so fair and so bright.

Great icicles hung like huge diamonds from the trees and hedges.

Lord Alton had arrived.

He was so engrossed with his fair young love that Lady Brandon had ceased to expect anything from him.

He had been, like every one else, alarmed when he saw Veronica.

Her pale, shadowy loveliness had startled him.

A great many of the whispered words between Katherine and himself were about her.

On that Christmas night she looked more fragile and more beautiful than she ever did.

By Lady Brandon's desire she wore a dress of costly black velvet, with a suite of superb rubies.

The white rounded arms had grown thin, and there was a shadow over her beauty.

She was sitting watching Katherine's bright face, flushed into greater brightness by her lover's words, when one of the footmen coming to her, said in a mysterious undertone—

"You are wanted, Miss di Cyntha."

"Wanted?" she repeated. "Where?"

"Who wants me?"

"I cannot say, miss—someone who has a message for you; someone who is waiting for you in the library."

Veronica had some poor pensioners to whom on this Christmas-day she had been most liberal.

It was one of those come to thank her, no doubt.

It was not a nice time to choose.

She wondered just a little why the servants should show such a one into the library.

She was surprised to find the room badly lighted.

There was a ruddy glow of firelight, and one lamp was burning dimly; but it was a large, long room, and the other half of it was full of soft dark shadows.

She entered and stood for some minutes in silent expectation.

There was no sound, no movement.

She never glanced to where the soft dark shadows lay.

The red firelight fell full upon her fragile beauty, on the slender figure, and the white wasted arms, on the beautiful, passionate, restless face and the rubies that gleamed on her throat.

Presently from where the dark soft shadows lay came a sigh.

She looked up.

"Who is that?" she demanded. "Is any one here—any one who wants to see me?"

Then she stopped abruptly and stood rooted to the ground, a low cry on her lips and a pain as bitter as death in her heart—surely a figure she knew was coming to her from out of the soft dark shadows!

She held up her hands as though to ward off an evil presence, and then they fell by her side as she uttered a low, passionate cry.

It was he—she had made no mistake—it was Marc Caryll, the man she loved better than her life, the man whose stern decision was killing her.

They stood in the red glow of the firelight looking at each other, but she saw there was no sternness in his face now—nothing but passionate love, passionate pity and blinding tears.

"My, darling, my beautiful sweetheart, have I been the cause of this?" he asked, touching the wasted arms. "Have I been the cause of this, Veronica?"

"I thought I was never to see you again," she said, faintly. "Are you sorry that you were quite so hard? Have you come to tell me so?"

Her words seemed to recall him to himself.

"I have come to tell you that I was a madman—a blind madman!" he cried. "I hate myself for my folly, Veronica. My darling, my noble, generous darling, I know why you burned the will."

She clasped her hands with a murmured word he did not hear.

"I know why it was, and I blame myself for my great folly," he continued. "I ought to have understood—I ought to have known that you were incapable of anything wicked. I deserve to lose you for not having understood you better."

She raised her face to his.

"You cannot know why I destroyed it," she said. "Even the wicked woman who saw me burn it did not know the reason."

"She did not, but I do. Are you surprised? Veronica, see what this has told me."

He came nearer to her, and taking a paper from his pocket, unfolded it.

Then she saw the charred fragments of the will.

"Look on this side first," he said. "Here are the words—'Last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon.' The woman read those."

She looked at them with some curiosity, the words that had cost her so dear.

Then Sir Marc opened the parchment.

"Now look," he said, "at what is written here."

She bent over him and read—

"'My beloved daughter Veronica Brandon hitherto known as Veronica di Cyntha!'"

She cried out as she read the words.

It seemed to her as though Heaven itself had cleared her.

"These are the words the woman did not read," he said. "They are clear to me. The moment my eyes fell upon them I understood it all. I know, just as well as if you told me, that Sir Jasper married your mother long years ago—in Venice, I should imagine—and that she died quite young, leaving you. Why he gave you up I cannot even imagine—perhaps you will tell me; but it seems to me that he kept the fact of his marriage a profound secret—why I cannot say. Then," he continued, "I believe that on his death-bed he gave you this will, leaving, as was right, his estates to you, his eldest daughter, and that you, in your noble generosity, your great self-sacrifice, rather than disinherit your sister, burned the will and never mentioned it. Is it so?"

"I cannot answer you," she said. "I will tell you why. I took an oath of silence with my hands upon my dead father's heart."

Then she stopped with a cry of dismay.

She had betrayed herself!

"He was your father then," said Sir Marc. "I knew it."

He took her hands in his.

"Sweetheart," he said, "my life has been a curse to me since I lost you. Forgive me—forgive my absurd folly, my miserable suspicion, my unjust thoughts. Give me the great treasure of your love again and I will promise on my part the most inviolable secrecy—I will never betray the secret of your birth or the secret of the will. I do not deserve such pardon, but——"

The answer was certainly not given in words.

There was silence in the room after that—silence full of happiness.

How long had it lasted?

Veronica started in alarm.

Lady Brandon was standing near her with a most alarmed expression on her face.

"My dear Veronica," she was saying, "where are you? Who is this with you?"

She looked still more alarmed when Veronica raised her happy tear-stained face, saying—

"Lady Brandon, this is Sir Marc. He

has come back, and we are friends again."

"We are more than friends, Lady Brandon," broke in Sir Marc; "we are lovers—and I hope we shall soon be husband and wife."

Then Lady Brandon went to seek for Katherine.

While she was gone Veronica turned to her lover, saying—

"Marc, swear to me that you will never utter a single word to Lady Brandon about the will—that you will never betray to her your knowledge of my birth."

He promised; and that was the only secret Veronica kept from him.

He did not know whether Lady Brandon ever heard either of the marriage or of the will.

"I knew it must be so," said the young heiress, as she stood holding a hand of each. "You have wasted four months in a lovers' quarrel that has nearly killed Veronica, and now you have made it up again. Mamma, their wedding must be on the same day as ours, and we will take Veronica to France, until she grows quite strong again."

And it was all carried out as she proposed.

"What are those bells chiming, Veronica?" asked her lover as they walked down the broad corridor together. "What is it? The music seems quite familiar to me."

They stood for a few moments watching the moon shining on the snow, and listening to to the grand hosannas of the winter wind as it swept over the woods.

Then she turned to him and answered—

"It is the oldest and sweetest music that the earth knows—'On earth peace, good will toward men.'"

[THE END.]

The Tenant of the Cedars.

BY MARY E. PENN.

"TO be let, furnished, by the month or year, The Cedars, a pretty rustic cottage, delightfully situated in Ranstone Park, Berkshire, with right of fishing in the trout stream. For particulars, apply to Mr. Newton, House Agent, Reading."

* * * * * *

This advertisement arrested my attention as I, Percival Wilford, barrister-at-law, glanced over the columns of the *Times* one August morning, ten or twelve years ago.

It seemed like an answer to the question I had been deliberating as I sat at breakfast in my dull Temple chambers—namely, where should I spend the Long Vacation?

I had reached that sedate period of life when one begins to realize that there is no joy but calm, and my ideal of a holiday retreat was some quiet, leafy nook where I could read and dream, and go a-fishing, and forget for a time that such things as briefs existed.

I may add that I had only my own tastes to consult in the matter, having the misfortune (to which I am perfectly resigned) to be a bachelor.

I made a note of the advertisement, and resolved to run down to the place next day and see whether it answered to its attractive description.

Accordingly, on the following afternoon I took train to Reading, and walked thence to the village of Ranstone, which consisted of one long, up-hill street, beginning with a blacksmith's forge and ending with a barn.

Midway between them stood an inn: The Golden Sheaf.

Feeling somewhat fatigued by a five-mile walk along dusty country roads, I turned into this hostelry to refresh myself with a glass of ale, and enquire my way.

The landlord, a red-faced burly man, in shirt-sleeves and a white apron, seemed puzzled by my question.

"The Cedars!" he repeated; "oh—I understand, sir. You mean the little thatched house in the park. We call it 'Ranstone's Folly.'"

"Why 'Folly?'" I queried.

"Well, sir, because it's a fanciful sort of place, and was built for whim.

"Sir Richard Ranstone, the father of the present baronet, designed it himself when a young man, and used to shut himself up there to scribble poetry.

"Since his death it has been let from time to time, but not often.

"Such a lonesome, out-of-the-way place don't suit everyone."

"I fancy it will just suit me," I remarked.

My host scanned me curiously as he set down the glass at my elbow.

"Perhaps you're in the poetical line yourself, sir?" he suggested.

I laughed, and assured him that my line was nothing half so agreeable.

And when I had finished, I paid for my modest refreshment, and set off hopefully on my way.

It led through the village and along the high road, and in about ten minutes I came to the ivy-covered park wall, which was pleasantly shaded by trees.

Presently I found myself opposite the lodge-gates, my summons at which was answered by a neat, comely woman of middle-age, to whom I explained my errand, and exhibited my credentials in the shape of the house-agent's card.

"The cottage is right on the other side of the park, sir, close to the stream," she said, as she admitted me.

"I'm sorry I can't show you the way. Can't miss it if you keep to that path," pointing to one which branched off to the right of the main avenue.

"There's a man living in charge who will show you over the house."

"Has it been long unlet?" I enquired.

"Nigh upon three years. The last tenant only lived there six months—a lady named Lestelle."

"That is a French name?"

"Yes, sir, she was French, and had been a singer, I believe."

"Lestelle," I repeated thoughtfully; "was it Leonie Lestelle, I wonder, who took the town by storm a few seasons ago? But that is hardly probable."

"What was she like, sir?" my companion enquired, looking interested. "Young and pretty?"

"More than pretty. She had one of the loveliest faces I ever saw, and a voice that matched it."

"It must be the same," Mrs. Foster exclaimed; "that's just her description. A beautiful young lady she was, and so gentle and sweet-spoken it was a pleasure to serve her."

"But what brought her to The Cedars?" I questioned.

"When she disappeared from London society about four years ago, it was supposed that she had returned to France. Was she living alone?"

"Quite alone, except for the servants—an elderly woman who did the housework, and a man named Underwood who attended to the garden and went of errands.

"It's him that's been living in charge of the house for the last two years. He used to be one of the under-gardeners at the Hall but was dismissed because he was always quarrelling with the other men.

"A sullen, ill-conditioned fellow he is—though I ought not to say so, perhaps, as he's a cripple and deformed," she added, with compunction. "He has a hard life of it."

"How came Mademoiselle Lestelle to take him into her service?"

"It was out of kindness, sir, because no one else would employ him. Her patience and sweetness conquered even him.

"I believe he worshipped the ground she trod upon, and he was like one frantic when she was—when she died."

I started.

"What—is she dead?" I asked.

My companion looked at me in surprise.

"Didn't you know, sir? Did you never hear?"

"I have heard nothing of her since she gave up her profession. What was the cause of her death?"

Before she could reply the sound of a horse approaching rapidly up the road made her glance towards the gates.

"It's Sir Philip," she said, hurriedly, and ran forward to open them.

The baronet was a tall, distinguished-looking man, of two or three and thirty, with handsome, haughty features, bold dark eyes, and full red lips half hidden by a sweeping moustache.

A striking face, but scarcely an attractive one.

There was something at once hard and sensual about it that repelled me.

He was mounted on a handsome chestnut mare, whose panting, foam-flecked sides showed that she had been mercilessly ridden.

Apparently the exercise had not improved her owner's temper.

Slight as was the delay in admitting him, he abused the woman for keeping him waiting.

He was riding on when, perceiving me, he drew rein.

"The gentleman has called to see the cottage," Mrs. Foster explained.

"What cottage?" he asked, absently.

"The Cedars, Sir Philip."

He slightly nodded, and acknowledging my salute by touching the brim of his hat with his whip, jerked the bridle, and rode on up the avenue, followed by his dogs.

Mrs. Foster looked after her master's retreating figure with no great favor.

"He needn't have sworn at me," she muttered, resentfully. "I was as quick as I could be.

"But he's in one of his moods to-day, and makes everyone suffer for it. Ah—I would not be in my lady's shoes for all her grandeur.

"They've only been married a couple of years, but already——"

A significant shake of the head finished the sentence.

"Who was Lady Ranstone?" I asked.

"She was the daughter and heiress of Mr. Goldney, the great banker. She's a nice lady but no beauty, and several years older than Sir Philip.

"It's pretty well known that he married her for her money, being over head and ears in debt, thanks to his——.

"But I really beg your pardon, sir," she broke off, becoming suddenly conscious of her indiscretion.

"I ought not to detain you with my gossip. If Underwood is not indoors, you'll find him somewhere in the garden—reading most likely.

"He's quite a good scholar, in his way. Good afternoon, sir, and a pleasant walk."

I nodded to her, and went my way down the path she had indicated, which traversed the whole width of the park.

Winding across sunny glades, and ferny hollows and under the shade of "immemorial elms," between whose branches I caught glimpses of the Hall, a stately modern building in the Italian style.

At length, emerging from a young oak plantation, I came unexpectedly upon the stream—which at this point was both broad and deep—and on the slope of the opposite bank stood The Cedars.

It was a picturesque rustic pavilion, with a high, thatched roof, whose overhanging ledge, supported on pillars, formed a verandah, on to which the lower windows opened.

Behind it the trees clustered closely, and the garden in front sloped to the edge of the stream, which was spanned by the light rustic bridge.

I crossed it, and passed through a wicket gate into the garden, which was in beautiful order.

The parterres a mass of brilliant bloom, the grass-plot like green velvet.

It was not till I was close to the house that I perceived the figure of the custodian, who was seated in the verandah.

He was a man of from thirty-five to forty with rugged strongly-marked features, and melancholy dark eyes.

His figure, though mis-shapen, was vigorous and muscular, and there was a look of suppressed power about him which suggested hidden reserves of force, both mental and physical.

I had ample time to make these observations, for he did not seem to notice my approach, nor did he reply when I addressed him.

There was a book in his hand, a well-worn volume of Shakespeare, but he was not reading.

He sat in a listening attitude, with head upraised and lips apart, his foot gently beating the ground, as if in time to music.

Involuntarily I listened, too, but heard nothing except the lonely murmur of the breeze, and the distant forlorn note of a wood-pigeon.

At length I touched his arm.

He sprang to his feet, staring at me with vague alarm.

"I am sorry I startled you, but you did not hear me speak," I said. "Will you——"

"How long have you been watching me?" he interrupted, brusquely.

"I have but this moment come," I returned. "I wish to look over the house."

He hesitated.

He seemed half inclined to refuse me admission, but thinking better of it, nodded, and limped on before me to the door, drawing back to allow me to pass in.

I found myself in a small tiled entrance hall, with doors on either hand.

He threw open the one to the left, and ushered me into a dusky, low room, furnished in a style of quaint simplicity, which suited the character of the house.

"This is what they call Sir Richard's study," he explained.

"The parlor across the hall is the same size, but better furnished. I can't show it to you, for the door's locked, and—and I've mislaid the key."

His hesitation convinced me that he was telling an untruth.

For some reason of his own he did not wish me to see the room.

However, I only said quietly: "I think I noticed that the window was open; we can go in that way."

He reluctantly followed me, and stood outside as I entered through the long window, which opened, like a door, upon the verandah.

The room in which I found myself was as great a contrast to the one I had just quitted as could well be imagined.

With its polished floor and panelled walls.

Its light but elegant furniture, its crowd of dainty ornaments, and general look of airy brightness, it might have been transported bodily from a Parisian "Appartement."

But I noticed with surprise, that it seemed to have been recently occupied by a lady.

There were fresh flowers in the large vases.

There were music on the open piano, books on the table, and a work-basket, with a strip of embroidery, which seemed to have been just thrown down.

I hastily drew back, and turned to my companion.

"I understood that the house was unoccupied," I said. "Why did you not tell me——"

"There is no one here except myself," he interrupted.

"Then, to whom do these belong?" I enquired, pointing to the books and music.

"To no one in particular. They did belong to a lady who lived here for a time three years ago, but she's dead."

"You mean Mademoiselle Lestelle?"

He nodded, slowly passing his hand across his forehead.

"But how came they to be left here? Did no one claim them, after her death, no friend or relative?"

"She had no near relations, and few friends in the country. I have heard her say that she would leave no one to regret her. But she was mistaken there," he muttered.

I looked at him curiously.

There was something in his face that attracted me, in spite of its harsh lines.

"You, at least, will not soon forget her, I am sure?" I said, after a pause. His lips curved in a smile half sad, half bitter.

"I have not so many friends that I can afford to forget that one. I suppose I may claim the dog's virtue — fidelity, if no other.

"I know that I would gladly have died upon her grave," he added, in a low tone of suppressed but passionate feeling which was a revelation to me.

The next moment, however, he broke into a short laugh.

"You may well look astonished to hear such a romantic sentiment from 'Caliban,' as Sir Philip calls me. Sounds grotesque from my lips, doesn't it, sir?"

"You need not fear ridicule from me," I said, quietly. "I understand your feeling, and respect it."

He gave me a half-incredulous look, as if sympathy were something new to him.

Then his face changed and softened, and with a quick impulsive movement he put out his hand.

"Thank you, sir—that's kindly spoken," he said, earnestly.

"I'm sorry I told you a falsehood about the key, for it was a falsehood. I have it in my pocket.

"But, this room, where she spent so many hours, is sacred to me; so sacred, that it seems sacrilege for a stranger to enter it."

He paused, looking round reverently, as if it were indeed a sanctuary.

"I have kept it just as it was when—when last she used it," he continued, in a low dreamy tone, speaking to himself more than to me.

"I can almost fancy I see her bending over her book, or singing softly to herself as she worked.

"What a voice she had! It seemed to draw the heart out of my body.

"She used to let me sit in the verandah when she was singing, and she'd talk to me between whiles in her pretty broken English.

"She'd always a word and a smile for 'Jacques,' as she called me—always as gentle and courteous she was as if I'd been her friend and equal, instead of her servant. Ah! She was the sweetest soul that ever——"

His voice broke; he hastily turned his head aside.

"I've got her portrait—the last she had taken, if you would like to see it," he resumed, after a moment, and took it from a worn leather pocket-book.

"It was the vignette photograph of a lovely girl of one or two and twenty, with a delicate, spiritual face, framed in cloudy dark hair; a sweet sorrowful mouth, and soft steadfast dark eyes.

"It is very like her," was my comment.

"Ah—you know her?" he questioned, eagerly.

"No, but I have heard her sing more than once.

"Her face had not this sorrowful look when I saw her last. What was her trouble I wonder? Did she ever speak of her past life?"

"No—yes. She sometimes talked of her childhood, when her parents were living."

"But not of her later years? She did not tell you why she gave up her profession?"

"She was not likely to take me into her confidence," he rejoined, evasively, and added, as if to avoid further questions:

"Perhaps you would like to see the other rooms now?"

And without waiting for my reply, he crossed the hall and led the way upstairs.

Before my tour of inspection was over, I had resolved to become the temporary tenant of The Cedars.

Underwood received the announcement of my decision in silence.

"I suppose I shall have to turn out when you take possession?" he said at last, glancing at me half-wistfully.

"Not unless you are disinclined to remain as my servant," I replied.

"I shall be only too glad to stay, sir, and I'll do my best to please you," he responded.

"I don't know whether you intended to bring a woman-servant with you; but, if not, I dare say Mrs. Foster, at the lodge, could recommend one."

"I will speak to her on my way back, and you may expect to see me this day week."

I slipped a coin into his hand, and we parted.

* * * * * * *

A week later I found myself once more entering the gates of Ranstone Park, having left my "traps" to be sent after me from Reading.

The evening was grey, moist, and cool. Rain had fallen in the morning, and the air was still charged with the sweet pastoral scent of wet earth and grass.

"Autumn's fiery finger" had not yet touched the leaves, and the woods wore a green as fresh and rich as if the month had been June instead of August.

To come straight from the dust and turmoil of town to these sylvan solitudes was almost like being transported to another planet.

The walk was so pleasant that I was half sorry when it was over, and I saw before me the solitary pavilion, with the woods behind it and the stream at its feet.

I was received at the door by Mrs. Foster and a pleasant, fresh-faced young woman, whom she introduced as her niece.

"Martha can't be spared from home altogether, sir," she explained, "but she'll be here early every morning, and I think you'll find her a good cook.

"She's given the house a thorough cleaning, all but the drawing-room.

"Underwood has fastened the window and locked the door, and won't let her set foot in it.

"I really think the man is going out of his mind," she continued, following me into the study, where the cloth was laid for my solitary dinner. "Just look at him now sir."

She pointed through the window to where the gardener was standing in the sidewalk.

He had paused in the act of pruning

rose-bush, and seemed to be listening intently to some sound proceeding from the lower end of the walk.

"He'll stand in that way for ten minutes together, listening to nothing," she whispered.

"It gives me a creepy feeling to look at him.

"People do say that the cottage is haunted and that he——"

"Nonsense!" I interrupted; "he is evidently subject to some delusion. Have you any idea what it is?"

She shook her head, and was silent a moment, thoughtfully watching him.

"He has never been the same man since that dreadful affair three years ago," she resumed, at length.

"What are you speaking of?"

She colored and bit her lips.

"I ought not to have mentioned it, as it may set you against the house—however, I dare say you would have heard of it from someone else. I mean the murder of Mademoiselle Lestelle."

"What!" I exclaimed, in horror. "Do you mean to say that she was murdered?"

"In this very house, on the night of the first of September, three years ago."

"Good heavens!—By whom?"

"That is a mystery to this hour. She was in the habit of sitting up rather late to practice her music, and that night Underwood, who was in bed, but not asleep, noticed that she broke off suddenly in the middle of a song.

"He thought it strange, and after waiting a few moments, threw on his clothes, and hurried downstairs.

"He found the poor young lady lying in a pool of her own blood—dead. She had been stabbed in the back as she sat at the piano.

"The window was open, and there were foot-prints in the garden, but the murderer, whoever it was, had time to get clear away, and has never been traced from that day to this."

"What was supposed to be the motive of the crime?—robbery?"

"No, nothing was stolen; that's the mysterious part of it. You may think that Sir Philip was dreadfully shocked at such a thing happening on his estate. He himself offered a reward for information, but ——"

"Was no one even suspected at the time?" I interrupted.

My companion hesitated. "Well—one person was, sir."

"Who was that?"

She pointed to the gardener. I looked at her incredulously.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Underwood—who was so devotedly attached to her?"

"Many people think he has madness in his blood," she whispered; "and it's well known that madmen often turn against the very person they love best when in their right senses.

"You see we have only his own account of what took place that night, for the housekeeper neither saw no heard anything. The foot-prints may have been a cunning device to avert suspicion.

"Heaven forbid that I should accuse him wrongfully," she added in conclusion, "but everyone has noticed that since it happened he has been like a man bewitched."

When she had left the room I stood for a moment, watching the gardener; then opened the window, and crossed the lawn to his side.

He stood in the same attitude, with a rapt, ecstatic look on his face, as if he were listening to the music of the spheres.

He turned towards me as I approached, but did not appear to recognize me till I spoke.

"Day-dreaming again, Underwood?" I said. "It seems to be a habit of your own."

He passed his hand over his forehead, as if to rouse himself, and pushed back his cap.

"A very stupid one. I must try to cure myself of it," he replied with a constrained smile.

"What were you listening to just now?" I asked point-blank.

He resumed his task, and made no reply.

"Why will you not tell me?"

"Because, if I did, you would think me mad."

"Delusion is not necessarily a sign of insanity," I said after a moment's pause. "Your delusion—if you have one—may arise from disordered nerves, or——"

"I have no delusion," he interrupted. "My senses are quickened to hear a sound which is inaudible to others—that's all."

"What is the sound?" I persisted; but again there was no reply. I changed the subject.

"I hear that you have the key of the drawing-room; please to give it to me."

He took it from his pocket at once, and handed it to me, muttering about not wishing the things to be meddled with."

"Nothing need be moved, for I don't intend to use that room," I replied; "but I should prefer to keep the key."

He looked up quickly. "Ah! they have told you, I see."

"Yes, I have been told what happened there," I assented, looking him full in the face.

He met my eyes steadily, his lips curving in a slow, sardonic smile.

"Perhaps you know that I was suspected of crime?"

"Unjustly, I am sure," I replied, speaking my conviction; for I could detect no shadow of guilty consciousness in the man's face; only bitterness and melancholy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Brush With Tigers.

BY D. KER.

I WAS engaged in cleaning my rifle, and Harry was performing the same operation upon his double-barrel, when Neafie came into the room with a look of intense excitement upon his face.

"A trooper," said he, "has just come in from Edir, and he brings information that a pair of tigers—a couple of tremendous old fellows—are raising all manner of disturbance there. The natives are in alarm, and must soon leave their homes if the monsters cannot be captured."

"What is Edir, and where is it?"

"It is a small village at the foot of the mountains, six leagues south-east of us."

It was now quite late in the day; so we concluded that we would not start until the following morning, as we could then take our own time, and have the afternoon and evening before us for work.

We slept well, and arose before the sun; and by six o'clock we were on our way.

Our shikaree, Abdalla, who was generally very blithe and songful, was on this morning particularly grave and solemn.

I rode up by his side and asked him if he was unwell, at the same time telling him that he need not have come with us if he had felt unable.

"No, sahib, I am not sick," he replied, slowly shaking his head.

"Something troubles you?" I suggested.

"Yes, sahib. Something is going wrong with me. There is a dark spot before me."

I knew that the Mohammedans were great fatalists, and I asked Abdalla if he fancied that some impending evil was at hand.

"Yes," he said; "I know it. The angel Azrael is not far from me."

According to the Moslem creed, Azrael is the angel of death.

I laughed at the shikaree, and told him to cheer up.

But he only shook his head, declaring that his impressions were not to be put away so easily.

"What is to be must be," he said. "It is all written in the great plan, and man cannot change it. But it may be nothing very bad. Wait, and we shall see."

Thus speaking he rode on to the side of Malek, while I joined Darley and Neafie.

We reached Edir before noon, when we found the people trembling with fear and anguish.

During the night one of their best shikarees had been killed by the tigers, and his body carried off.

Two fine cows had also been slain.

We went out with some of the villagers to the edge of the jungle, which was thick and hard-bottomed, stretching away to the southward and eastward, while to the north arose a succession of rocky hills.

Neafie suggested that the haunt of the tigers was up among the caves.

The shikarees of Edir knew that it was so, but they had not dared to venture up there.

They had built their machauns as near to the tigers' paths as they could, and the beasts had passed them several times, but they had not been able to slay them.

Under the guidance of some of the bolder of the natives we found the place where the tigers were in the habit of striking the mountain, and at length we hit upon their track.

Upon a thorn bush we found shreds of the cotton garment of the shikaree who had been carried off.

A little farther on we found a trail of blood in a gully which had been washed out by the rains.

It was evident enough that the tigers had gone up this way, and it was very likely that they would come down by the same path.

It was now about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the heat was quite oppressive.

Should we return to the village, or should we seek some shelter where we were?

"We are now half way up the mountain," said Neafie, "and to go to the village and back would take us at least two hours. The tigers are somewhere about us and it is quite possible that the tigers may come down as soon as the sun begins to relax its strength of heat. You may be sure that the tigers will come this way, and if we can find a good hiding-place near their track we shall be pretty sure to get a pop at them."

My mind had been made up from the first.

I did not wish to go down the mountain until we had seen the game.

I had no confidence in the machauns at the edge of the jungle.

The tigers could give them a wide berth, but in the mountain path we had them.

Of all our party, Abdalla was the only one inclined to return to the village.

I told him to go if he wished, but he would not leave us.

Some seventy or eighty yards below the spot where we had held this consultation the gully ran by the side of a perpendicular face of rock, where we might find the cover we wanted.

We went thither, and were suited exactly.

A little farther down was a seam-like opening in the rock, which led us to the top of the cliff overlooking the path, and when we reached the latter point we found ourselves in about as favorable a position as we could have desired.

Upon the mossy crust grew bushes enough to serve us as a curtain, while the towering crags behind us shielded us from the sun, which was just turning towards the west.

Thus we sat an hour.

I pulled out my watch, and found it to be almost four o'clock.

The tigers were likely to come now at any time, and we made ready to receive them.

Should they come both together—which was most probable—we must be careful of our lead, for two such animals were not easily to be killed.

We arranged ourselves so that we all had a look into the path, and those who could shoot the best took the most favorable positions.

At half past four we received a note of warning from Abdalla, who, with Malek, was highest up on the look-out.

He had seen nothing he said, but he could hear the tigers coming.

And he was right.

In a very short time one of the maneaters came in sight—a magnificent fellow, with sleek, glossy skin, a breast broad and full, legs of tremendous size and power—came slowly down the gully, his long, lithe body swaying in very graceful movements.

Behind him came his mate, somewhat smaller, but certainly more sinister-looking.

Abdalla drew back against the rocks in our rear, and sat down, placing his face between his knees.

We had no time then to pay attention to him.

The tigers were almost at the point where we were to take them if we were to take them at all, and we fixed our aim.

Harry and Darley and myself were to fire at the male, while Neafie and Abner and Ben were to look to the female—for we had a tiger and a tigress to deal with.

We had thus far made no noise, and the tigers came gliding down without suspecting the trouble that awaited them.

I had my Antwerp rifle at my shoulder, and in it was one of my three-ounce steel-pointed chhcapins.

With such a weapon, thus charged I felt that my best course of aim would be for the brain; for, if I hit my mark, the shot would be fatal.

We were to receive the word from Neafie and he was to give it as soon as he could bring his sights to bear upon the tigress.

The tiger was now within thirty yards, and I began to feel uneasy, for a few yards more of progress on his part would make it necessary for me to change my position.

But I had no such need.

The word came, and when I fired I was aiming at a point between the brute's eyes.

With a terrific howl of pain he leaped into the air, and presently made off down the gully.

Dan was by my side with my double-barrel all cocked, and seizing it as quickly as possible I gave the tiger a shot in the back, and in half a second more another ball from Harry struck him in the shoulder.

I was thinking of nothing but how our tiger should be followed and secured, when a loud shout behind me caused me to turn, and as I did so I beheld a scene that made me start and quiver.

The tigress, which had been some four or five yards behind her mate, had, when wounded, leaped to the shelf where we were stationed, in doing which she must have made a bound of at least fifteen feet in height.

She had landed between Neafie and Ben Gilroy, and directly ahead of her was Abdalla, still crouching with his face between his knees.

He started up, however, when he heard the shout of his companions.

Before he could gain his feet the tigress was upon him.

With one blow of her paw the furious beast struck him down, and the next instant her terrible fangs were fastened upon his throat.

I heard the poor fellow groan and gasp, and I saw him struggle feebly.

At another time, and under other circumstances, such a sight would have chilled me through; but now I felt only the hot rush of vengeful emotion.

There was one bullet left in my Wrisley rifle. I did not trust myself to fire it.

I drew my sabre and leaped forward, and as I plunged the keen blade behind the beast's shoulder, Neafie and Darley were by my side armed as I was.

Neafie possessed a steady nerve, and without hesitation he dealt a blow upon the head of the demon that crashed through to the brain.

The tigress had curled up under the effects of my lunge, but without relaxing her hold on the shikaree's throat.

Upon receiving Neafie's blow, however, she threw up her head, and plunged forward against the rock upon which Abdalla had been leaning.

When she finally settled down upon her side we found that she was dead.

She had three bullets in her lungs, one of which had touched her heart, when she leaped upon the shelf.

My sword had passed directly through the heart at the base of the ventricles; but it had required the crushing blow of Neafie's heavy sabre to settle her.

We lifted Abdalla to a bed of moss.

There was no help for the poor fellow in this world.

The veins and arteries of the neck had nearly all been severed, and life was entirely extinct.

Fitzeben and Dan assisted Malek in bearing the body down from the rock, while the rest of us pushed on after the other tiger.

We did not have to go a great way.

We found him near the foot of the mountain, with his back against a tree, stone dead.

The bullet from the old Antwerp had made a terrible hole in his skull, and his life had gone quickly.

We had captured the tigers—two of the largest and fiercest I ever met—but the capture had cost us dear.

Abdalla had not only been a good shikaree, but had been faithful and kind, and I had learned to love and respect him; and as we bore the body back to the village upon the skins of the tigers our pace was sad and solemn.

We returned to Palamow, and as Harry and I rode side by side we spoke of the presentiment of impending ill that had so strangely dwelt upon Abdalla's mind.

That the shikaree had been thus impressed we could not doubt; but whence the impression came we could not determine.

After we reached Neafie's bungalow we continued the conversation over our pipes; but our thoughts, like the smoke which curled about our heads, wandering upon the verge of the unseen world, were lost in the mystic distance—melted away, without leaving even the shadow of a tangible form behind them.

Scientific and Useful.

FLOUR.—The warming of flour and consequent abstraction of the moisture adds greatly to its durability.

BLACK VARNISH.—To make a good black varnish for iron or other metals, dissolve by heat three ounces of asphaltum, four quarts of boiled oil and eight ounces of burnt lumber. Mix the compound with turpentine while cooling.

MULLEIN.—The use of mullein as a palative for the cough of consumption seems to be meeting with favor in various quarters. The customary form of administration has been a decoction of the plant in milk. More recently, the smoking of the leaves has been recommended as a more agreeable and effective mode of administration.

DEODORIZERS.—A powerful antiseptic and deodorizer can be made by mixing together carbolic acid and chloride of lime, which, when combined, contains sufficiently active properties to correct fermentation. A weak solution is used as a dressing in some gangrenous affections, as it does not cause irritation. The smell, if objected to, can be disguised by oil of lavender.

COTTON.—Among the new applications of cotton is its use, in part, in the construction of houses, the material employed for the purpose being the refuse, which, when ground up with about an equal amount of straw and asbestos, is converted into paste, and this is formed into large slabs or bricks which acquire, it is said, the hardness of stone, and furnish a really valuable building stock.

FLY-PAPER.—To make sticky fly-paper, take of resin, in clean pieces, four ounces, castor oil two ounces. Melt together by means of a water bath and spread on sized paper. If it should be an advantage to have something sweet, it is probable that glucose, thickened by an addition of dextrin or gum, would be very attractive to the flies. But as this mixture would be able to soak through paper in very hot weather, it would probably be safest to spread it on paraffined paper.

Farm and Garden.

SHEEP.—Sheep that have been uniformly kept will have fleeces of the greatest strength. A week of starvation, unusual exposure to severe weather, or often a very cold period in winter with supposed good care, will stop the growth of wool and a weak place in the fibre will be the result.

FENCES.—There is no trouble in making a hog-fence of wire. Use six wires, and posts about a rod apart. Use hog wire for the lower strands, and put the lower wire quite close to the ground, and the second four inches above the first. They are cheaper than boards, and in every way better.

DAIRIES.—Dairies of the best class often use red earthenware pots, glazed inside, about eight inches deep and ten inches in diameter on the top, for setting the milk in cool running water. This plan is also common in the best dairies in Normandy, France, which are noted for fine butter. The milk is never heated excepting when very thick or "clouted" cream is desired for special purposes; it is wholly unnecessary in ordinary dairying.

HEN HOUSES.—To remove lice from hen houses, and also from the fowls, the following method is recommended as one of the best that has been tried. Take flowers of sulphur five pounds, liquid carbolic acid, one dram. Rub the acid in the sulphur thoroughly with a small paddle, and apply through the fluff and feathers of the hen with the hand, and it will not only prove an effectual application but also a safe one, as it will not interfere with the hatching of eggs or endanger the life of the chicks.

SHEEP.—The old practice of washing sheep before shearing has fallen into disuse among the most progressive farmers. It does not pay. Aside from the colds, rheumatisms and other inconveniences incurred by men and animals, the wool is not increased in market value enough to justify the time and labor expended. If the fleeces are filled with burrs and rubbish the washing they get on the sheep's back will not help them any. Better keep the sheep reasonably clean, and let the manufacturers do the washing.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23, 1884.

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INTEGRITY OF CHARACTER.

There is a wide difference in the estimate of justice and right among men. Some have an instinctive sense of justice; others always have distorted or shaded views of right and wrong.

The difference is not that there is an intention to do wrong, but that each has learned to view all moral questions from his particular standpoint. Yet right and wrong are immutable. Each is stamped with its peculiar characteristic, and these do not change.

Hence, if different views of the moral quality of a given act are taken, it is evident that one or the other is wrong. Hence, a right view of justice and all the moral issues is a matter of training. How may it best be done?

We answer, by inculcating clear perceptions of the fundamental principles of right. These are simple and plain. It is right to tell the truth, to deal honestly, to respect others' rights, and to observe the rules of commercial morality.

To injure another's reputation is wrong; and to despoil another of property, even if legally done, is wrong. The original fundamental principles of right and wrong are simple and plain.

It is when we obscure them by special influences that we are befogged. There is always a special plea for an act of spoliation, whether of character or property. And, as a rule, there is a willingness to allow this special plea peculiar force.

It is thus men's views of right are warped. By nice turns of expression men convey a false impression, when they would scorn to openly lie.

By shrewd turns they manage to complete a satisfactory business transaction, when they would utterly refuse to directly and boldly cheat. It is the indirection in morals that need to be watched. These are often dangerous.

When the minds of children are plastic, and habits are formative, these great principles can be solidly inculcated. And if wisely and carefully done, they will answer for years after.

The best education a parent can impart is that which leads to integrity of character. A sense of right so acute that in all doubtful issues it will instinctively seek the true, is better for a child than a fortune. It imparts the elements of character that command confidence, and in the main secure success.

A rough, hard man once came to a celebrated philanthropist. He had managed to place himself on the pension rolls of the army by fraud.

He lived in a poor way on this pension. All his energies were blunted by his sense of wrong, and he did not succeed in life. Hearing his story, and his wish to reform, he was told that first of all he must surrender his pension, and that as soon as able he must return all he had drawn, principal and interest.

The man did so. Under his relieved sense he was able to arouse his energies, and attained wealth and position.

There are many lives, like his, blighted by false positions, taken in moments of weakness, and from which there is not moral courage to escape.

It is wise to guard children from it, and, inasmuch as contingencies cannot be watched, it is best to inculcate fundamental truths.

These are like the polar star to the sailor, a guide amid storm and sunshine. All else can be made to conform if the essential principles are right.

If these are unsettled, we may as well seek to watch the wind as to keep guard over the well-being of children. Hence, to instil integrity of character in a child is the best legacy that can possibly be conferred.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A POSTMASTER in a North Carolina town was paid a salary of nine cents last year.

—

CHICAGO'S municipal authorities propose to compel retailing establishments and manufactories to provide stools or chairs for the girls and women employed behind their counters.

—

IN a series of articles on "The Effects of Brain Overwork," Dr. Hammond, of New York, says: "I do not think that any form of exercise is as good as walking. Horseback riding comes next; rowing next."

—

THE clawhammer coat, says a New York tailor, must yield soon to some other form of full-dress coat; and he bases his prediction on the fact that gentlemen wearing the former style are too often mistaken for waiters, ushers or valets at various gatherings they attend.

—

AN illustration of the perfection to which lip-reading can be brought, was given by a deaf girl before delegates to the recent convention of the teachers of the deaf and dumb. By the movement of a speaker's lips outlined in shadow on a wall, she was enabled to decipher the words uttered.

—

THE London courts have decided that it is unlawful for a man to keep in his yard a dog that barks and howls; hand-organs may not play when they are forbidden, and cocks which crow at unseasonable hours. In short, anything which acts as a disturbance to those living in the vicinity, may be suppressed by law.

—

THE interest-bearing debt of the United States, which at one time reached $2,381,000,000, has now fallen to $1,226,000,000. Nearly one-half has been paid off in eighteen years, and by the beginning of the twentieth century, and perhaps before, it will have been entirely extinguished. Europe said after the war that the greatest test of the capacity of this people to govern themselves would be the test of repudiation or liquidation.

—

THE centre of human happiness, says Dr. Richardson, is not in the brain, but in the vital nervous system, in the cavities of the body itself, near the stomach and in the heart. The man who is miserable is a hypochondriac; his affection is seated under the lower ribs. No man ever felt miserable in his head. Every man who has felt misery knows that it springs from the body, and speaks of it as an exhaustion, a sinking there; he is bent down because of the central failure, and his own shoulders, too heavy to be borne, feel as if oppressed with an added weight or burden, under which he bends as though all the cares of the world were upon him to bear him down.

—

A PECULIARITY about the blind is that there are scarcely any smokers among them. Soldiers and sailors, who lose their sight in action, sometimes continue to smoke for a little while, but, as a rule, they soon give up the habit. They say it gives them no pleasure when they cannot see the smoke and some have said that they cannot taste the smoke unless they see it. This almost demonstrates the theory that if you blindfold a man in a room full of smoke, and put a lighted and unlighted cigar in his mouth, turn about, he will not be able to tell the difference.

—

FROM the lowest to the highest, all of us in our way spend money, and dress, and eat and drink, and generally order our lives on a scale we should not think of adopting if it were not for "other people." The great bulk of our money troubles, and nearly all the cheating and lying wickedness in the world connected with money which has been described as the "root of all evil," may be traced to love and desire of standing well in the estimation of "other people," of being thought richer than we are, and of being credited with the possession of property or resources which do not, as a matter of fact, belong to us.

—

A VASSAR COLLEGE girl-graduate thus treated the "dude" in her recent commencement essay: "God made the dude, therefore let him stand for a man. Man wants but little here below, but wants that little long. The dude is a curious specimen of the genus homo, made over a year ago. The brain of a dude is not the real brain—it is only something like it. The object of the dude is to render himself agreeable to society. Had Darwin lived he would have used the dude as an illustration of the development of the species. His plumage, though not brilliant, is abundant. All the sensible people of both sexes tire of him. In the future he will exist only in a museum of anatomy."

—

DECISION of character will do much toward a man's success in life. The man whose determinations depend very much on other human beings, has small chances for consistency or stability. His irresoluteness will place him at the mercy of those with whom he comes in contact, and he will be like the thistle-down, ready to be blown in any direction whatever. Such infirmity of spirit makes him practically a slave, with whom men can do as they please. If a man would have a high place in the estimation of his fellow-men, as well as success in business, by all means let him cultivate decision of character.

—

NOTHING is more democratic than the average American railway train, for it represents every class, and is no respecter of persons. The millionaire and the lowest member of the proletariat may possibly occupy contiguous seats. People who never by any circumstances are found together in the same room jostle against each other in the cars and show what thin partitions divide the various classes in this democratic country. If that water which is constantly in motion, and whose particles come frequently in diverse contact is always the freshest and sweetest, why may we not carry out an analogy from it and say that the social current also which experiences such conditions is, in a similar way, made the better for it. It should at least be a preventative against both decadence and stagnation.

—

"ONCE upon a time," says a noted writer, "I worshipped intellect. Brains were all that were worth having. Brilliant men were the gods of my idolatry, and good people I thought stupid. Since those salad days I've discovered that, however fascinating genius may be in public, it is not the sweetest of boons in a private family, for nine times out of ten genius is intensely selfish. It wants to be coddled; it rarely coddles. It wants to be heard; it rarely listens. Ego is the burden of its song. Who and what you are matters little. Accustomed to being adored, it accepts devotion as a divine right. To receive is its due; to give is the privilege of lesser mortals. Now if I have a talent it is that of appreciation. If there is a good listener among women I am that she. I delight in genius, but I've found it out, and have no more delusions."

—

IN a recent speech Cardinal Manning remarked that he was looking with much anxiety at the changes that were going on in his country. There was a time when the master and the man lived on the estate, and differently to what they do now. There was a time when patriarchal care, feeling of human sympathy, human happiness, and of human service prevailed. There had, now-a-days, grown up a new world—a world of money, of commerce, of manufacture, and a relationship between master and man that, unlike that of the time past, was not one of sympathy, or benevolence, or patriarchal care, but a relationship of so many shillings per week, paid on Friday or Saturday. It would be well if this relationship, even in a degree of confidence, affection and service, could be restored.

—

A WRITER on the æsthetics of modern life says it is to the readjustment of vocations that women must look for the new and wider life. The trend of the day is toward a centralization of definite work, and as toward a recognition of the great principles of co-operation as a basis for living. Just what will be the immediate effect of this rapid decrease of the individual home, is a problem for the social scientist. But one who watches closely the signs of the times cannot but recognize that most of the laborious essentials of housekeeping are being as surely done away with as are the weaving and spinning of former generations. The apartment hotel is taking the place of the separate house. The manufacture of ready-made clothing and of house-linens and of other furnishings does away with the family sewing.

—

So much has been said and written about the inefficiency of young wives as housekeepers, that it is refreshing to read a word or two in their defence. A lady says: "We read a great deal about the extravagance of wives, and of marrying without knowing how to cook or take care of a family. I should like to know who is to blame for this state of affairs? Girls will be girls, and it will be useless to make women of them until they are old enough to assume the responsibility of motherhood; they must abide the consequences. The girls don't propose to the young men, neither do they urge an early marriage. It is the young men that do this; and many a young girl has been coaxed into marriage when she felt she was too young, by the same young man who will, after marriage, fret because his child-wife can't cook as his mother did."

—

I HAPPENED, in the course of our conversation, says a London editor, to ask a prominent spiritual medium whether he was a spirit-rapper. In a moment mysterious rappings were heard from all parts of the room, as if in reply to the question. "You see," said he, "I can produce all sorts of knocks and cries, from the still small voice of the infant in the celestial regions to the sepulchral tones of the tormented spirit, whose unearthly groans are so effective. I get the still small voice by dislocation of the thumb," and the still small voice spoke in its most melodious tones. "The sepulchral tones come by a displacement of the knee-joint—so," and the sepulchral tones reverberated through the room. "The big toe I can now easily work, as you hear, although I have a pair of thick boots on." It was very easily worked, and effectually.

—

A VERY thin coat of glycerine applied on both sides of window-glass will prevent any moisture forming thereon, and will stay until it collects so much dust that you cannot see through it; for this reason it should be put on very thin. If used on a looking-glass you can shave yourself in an ice house and the glass will not show your breath. Doctors and dentists use it on small glasses with which they examine the teeth and throat. Surveyors use it on their instruments in foggy weather, and there is no film to obstruct the sight. Locomotive engineers have used it as a preventative of the formation of frost on their cab windows. In fact it can be used anywhere to prevent moisture from forming on anything. It does not injure the usefulness of field glasses, etc. In fact, a small drop of pure glycerine in a small hole in a sheet of brass makes a good lense for a small microscope.

MORNING DEW.

BY JENNIE L. PERCY.

I love to stand, in the early dawn,
Where the dew-drops are glistening, so pure and bright,
In richest profusion all over the lawn,
And glitter and sparkle like stars of light.

In glistening rows on each flowery spray,
On each tender herb, on each blade of grass,
They are gleaming with brightness wherever I stray,
And throw their glad welcomes to me as I pass.

Are they Stars that have dropped from the midnight skies
To cover the earth with their liquid gleams,
And entrance for a moment our wondering eyes
With a transient glimpse of their morning beams?

Or Diamonds drawn from the glistening mine,
Where in tens of ten thousands they sparkled with light,
To mingle, glad morning, their sweetness with thine,
And scatter afar the dark shadows of night?

Perhaps they are Tears from the sorrow of eyes,
To earth, in the time of their bitterness, cast,
That now in their brightness and gladness arise
To whisper that darkness and weeping are past!

I know not if stars, or if diamonds, or tears,
Or what these sweet treasures of beauty may be;
Enough that they scatter, with morning, my fears,
And so they must ever be precious to me!

The Red Pike.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

I THOUGHT I should find you with the girls, Mr. Goodwin. You should have been with us. We've had such a scramble over Honister Crag, and brought back no end of flowers for Gertrude. But one thing I must say—that fellow is a jolly muff, though he doesn't look it. Just a funk, girls, and nothing else. Will you give me some tea, Mrs. Goodwin?"

"What nonsense you talk, Bob!" cried his sister, conscious by some feminine instinct that her friend's face was hotter than a moment before; "you are a perfect *mauvais enfant* bursting in like that. I wish Mr. Losford would teach you some manners."

"I'd like to see him try. It would take a pluckier man than he is. Why, he could not come within yards of the edge, Mrs. Goodwin!"

"He showed his usual good sense, Master Robert," was that lady's very tart reply.

She had her reasons for looking favorably upon Walter Losford, of Losford Court, Monmouthshire, by no means the least honored guest at Mr. Goodwin's Lake villa.

And they were a very cheery and pleasant party.

Gertrude thought they were the pleasantest set that her mother had ever got together.

Gertrude was a young lady of very decided tastes, and somewhat difficult to please.

Even Bob Marston, when he was not saying *mal-a-propos* things, and appearing where he was not wanted at inopportune moments, was as amusing as any other Eton boy.

Nevertheless, at this moment two people at least were ardently longing to make his ears tingle.

"And what is the programme for to-morrow, Mr. Goodwin?" resumed the young gentleman, not a whit daunted by the unfavorable reception of his last remark. "Can we picnic on the Red Pike? It would be jolly fun."

The host hummed and hawed.

He rather preferred an open-air entertainment at a place accessible in an open carriage.

But if you have a house among the mountains, up them you must go.

The climbing disease is infectious, and there is no evading it until, by a permanent residence, you become proof against its attacks.

Mr. Goodwin would have to succumb sooner or later.

"Yes, Bob," said Gertrude, suddenly laying down the fan with which she was playing, "we will go to the Red Pike tomorrow."

And Bob, who thought that, in his own language, he had rather "put his foot in it," was contorted, and knew that to the Red Pike he would go.

Gertrude's face as she went up-stairs to dress for dinner was thoughtful.

"He showed his usual good sense," Mrs. Goodwin had said, and the words kept ringing in her daughter's ears until her lip began to curl with scorn.

If there was one thing which Gertrude admired it was courage.

Was she beginning, almost more than beginning, to like a man who could be called a coward even by a boy?

It made her cheeks tingle with shame and anger.

Proud and high-spirited herself, good sense of the kind Mrs. Goodwin meant was not in high esteem with her.

And, alas, the insinuation chimed in with other things.

Walter Losford was hardly one to please a romantic girl at first sight.

Cold, sensible, and wanting in enthusiasm even in his ambition, trying nearly everything by the arguments of reason with impartial severity, he would have made a just and not too merciful a judge.

Living by rule of thumb, no wonder that he looked older than his thirty years, or that he repelled chance acquaintances who called him a prig.

Generally reticent, he would sometimes tell the truth with rude abruptness.

Altogether, his friends said, a little wanting in charity; too practical, too matter-of-fact.

And yet, poor Gertrude! when she met him at dinner, the hauteur she assumed melted away, and she blushed and smiled at his glances.

What is so fascinating as the homage of one who seems utterly, almost contemptuously, careless of all beside?

If Walter had spoken that evening, he would have assuredly gained his object, and Mrs. Goodwin been made a happy woman.

The Red Pike was red indeed in the evening sunlight, every cliff that buttressed its rugged top burnished to ruddiness, and yet the party lingered, reluctant to abandon the view of sea and land from Forth to Windermere that held them there entranced.

Tea was over, and the servants had started downwards with the baggage, yet the party, which all day wandered separately or in pairs at their several wills, still sat together on the top.

Bob only was on the move, skirmishing hither and thither untiringly.

"I say, Gertrude, here's a specimen for you! Here's a blue gentian growing on this cliff, and a rare good climb it will be to it."

The party hastened to the edge of the cliff.

In a cranny of the rock about twelve feet down grew the flower Gertrude had been long seeking to obtain.

A slight opening in the wall of the cliff made it just feasible, if somewhat dangerous, to reach it.

"Robert, don't go too near!" cried Mrs. Goodwin.

Gertrude turned with her face a little flushed to Losford.

"Can you get it for me, Mr. Losford?" she said gently, and with something of appeal in her voice.

"Not without a rope," he answered, calmly; "we will bring one up with us to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Gertrude, with sudden heat; "I want it now. Bob would get it for me in a moment if I asked him, Mr. Losford."

"Bob's head is perhaps steadier than mine," answered the other, keeping at a safe distance from the edge.

He was in no way discomposed until, as he finished, his eyes met the girl's full of contempt and anger.

Stung by the look, he took a hasty step towards the edge of the cliff, and bent down to make the attempt.

For a moment he remained in that position as if entranced, scanning the depth below, a sheer three hundred feet, and then a green ledge, and then, far beneath, pale-blue Crummock water.

With a quick shudder, he passed his hand across his eyes, and recoiled white to the lips.

"I can't get it for you," he said hoarsely, falling back.

The others looked at one another in astonishment.

"And quite right, too, Mr. Losford; don't try any such foolhardiness, I beg," cried Mrs. Goodwin, loudly.

Loudly, but not so that he failed to hear the one word "Coward!" or to distinguish the tone of contempt in which it fell from her daughter's lips, as she turned away from him.

The next instant he was his old calm self again.

He knew now, though, that he had his dismissal.

As for the bit of blue gentian, Bob brought it up in a twinkling, and chattered on in such a way as to earn every one's gratitude.

Yet it was a dull party that wended its way down the hill, and clear it was to more than one that a budding romance had come to an end over the little blue flower which now nestled so harmlessly in Gertrude's fair hair.

Yet mothers are sanguine and Mrs. Goodwin's face grew scarlet with anger when the spray appeared again at dinner conspicuously fastened in the bosom of her daughter's dress.

If it was only an awkward hour at dinner that Mrs. Goodwin feared, Fate was to save her hospitality from, to do her justice, an unwonted slur.

"Where is Robert?" she asked pettishly, after helping the soup. "Do you know, Violet?"

Miss Marston did not.

Bob was not wont to be punctual, and she was about to say so, when the butler, who had been called from the room, entered hastily, and whispered something in his master's ear.

Mr. Goodwin rose quickly.

"My dear, this is very bad news, indeed. There has been a heavy fall at the lead-works."

"How unfortunate! I am thankful the men were not at work. Or even worse, we might have been viewing them, as Robert has been plaguing us to do, and been all crushed together like any common laborers! Shocking! But where can Robert be?"

"I am afraid, ma'am," put in the butler, in a low voice which every one heard with preternatural distinctness, "that Master Robert—leastwise he went that way when he came back—is in there. John has gone to the village for help."

There was a dead silence round that fair show of linen and glass, as if the hand which warned Belshazzar had appeared on the wall.

Then Gertrude glided to her friend's side and put her arm round her.

The gentlemen hurried from the dining-room.

But almost as soon as they reached the scene the women appeared there also.

The poor boy's sister could not be restrained, and Mrs. Goodwin, whose woman's heart was sound within her, signed to her to let her go.

Anything was better than positive inaction.

Mr. Goodwin's wad-hole and works were hardly a quarter of a mile from the house, though hidden from it by a steep shoulder of the hill.

He guessed at once that the boy, anxious to exhibit to the ladies the wonders of the wad-hole, had taken the private key, which generally lay upon the study mantelpiece, and had gone, it might be, to make some preparations, whereby his darling effects would be enhanced.

A servant seeking him when dinner was ready, discovered the accident, and, after giving the alarm in the servants' hall, had gone on to the village.

"Is there any hope?" said Gertrude, in a low voice, with Violet Marston's hand tight clasped in her own. "Are they digging yet?"

The flaring light of a pine-knot fire, just kindled in the little enclosure at the mouth of the hole, fell upon a score or two of very strange-looking figures, most of them women.

Some were moving to and fro before the blaze, but most of them stood still and impassive.

The shining clothes of the men proclaimed their trade, as they brushed, all distinctions forgotten, against the gay dresses of the house party.

"No," replied her father with a groan. "The props at this end are gone, and the men say the whole hill is coming down. We must wait for help from the Keswick people."

Gertrude was turning to the group indignantly, but one was before her.

"Now, men, I can handle a pick, though I am a Londoner. Ten pounds to every man who joins me! Don't let them say that the Cumberland men left their master's guest to perish because they were cowards."

The cold impassive face was aglow with energy and excitement.

Was it Gertrude's fancy, or was it that that word in his voice really struck her like a whip?

"The hill is on the move, master, and he be dead, too," said the foremost man, but shamefacedly.

"Hush, his sister be there!" put in a woman softly.

There was an instant's hesitation while all watched the big miner; then, after a glance at their faces:—

"We're with you, master!" cried he, seizing the tool at his feet like a giant aroused.

The spell was broken.

Who were then so reckless as the Cumberland men?

Losford soon had to check them, and assist the foreman to compel them to underpin, and take other proper precautions as they worked.

In time, more men flocked from neighboring pits to the spot, and the task was carried on by gangs.

Notwithstanding Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin's entreaties, the poor girl most concerned would not leave.

Hour after hour, while seemingly countless loads of earth were wheeled or carried from the deepening entrance, she walked to and fro, or lay with Gertrude's hand in hers on the wraps laid in a corner formed by two walls.

How each shining worker was gazed at as he came from the darkness into the blaze of the fire and deposited his load!

Whoever worked by spells, the figure Gertrude knew best did not appear.

But, when the faint lingering hope was dying away, one of the other men staying in the house came quickly up to Violet Marston.

"Miss Marston, do not be too sanguine. There is hope yet, however. The fall is only partial, and he may be in the main workings. Some of the men fancy that they have heard him knocking."

Violet made no reply.

She was sobbing on Gertrude's shoulder.

"Is any one hurt?" asked the latter eagerly.

"No, hardly at all. A few cuts from stones."

Another hour passed, and the crowd thickened.

All listened breathlessly to the dull muffled sound of the tools and the creaking sound of the barrows.

A fresh gang was at work, and they came out more quickly.

The sky was growing gray, and men's faces looked so, too, as the fire burned with a paler light, and the hill-tops came out in cold majesty. Suddenly the tools ceased.

A barrow on its way out stopped inside the entrance.

The crowd drew closer.

The women hid their faces as the sound of voices low murmuring came from the passage.

Then a little crowd of men pressed their way out.

In their midst was Walter Losford, stained and ragged, with the boy's form in his arms.

He laid him quickly on the wraps by the women.

The blood was trickling slowly from a cut in his own forehead, and his face, where it was not lead-grimed, was pallid with fatigue.

"He has only fainted," he said, as the doctor bent over the boy.

"Just so!" said the latter cheerily. "He only wants a glass of sherry."

Gertrude rose from the boy to thank his bearer, her eyes dim with happiness.

But he had turned away.

"The worst time was just before they broke in, Gerty. I thought the earth must fall again, or something happen to prevent them reaching me," confided Bob to her, when she visited him next day in his room.

The whole matter was to Master Bob one for pure congratulation, and he spent his time in rehearsing a graphic account of his adventure for the benefit of his dame's house.

"But that fellow Losford is no end of a trump. He's been up to say good-bye, and I told him what an ass I'd made of myself about him. That's a comfort. I heard his voice first of all, do you know, and Mrs. Goodwin says they wouldn't have got me out but for him."

The likelihood of this alternative appeared to give him unmixed satisfaction.

"I don't think they would," murmured Gertrude, eagerly presenting him with a large bunch of grapes from a table. "I'll get you some more, Bob."

"You bet your boots they wouldn't. It's a pity he can't climb. Fancy a fellow like that, with what the doctor calls 'constitutional vertigo.' I can't make it out."

And Bob fell into a brown study, which passed into a doze; and, thus refreshed, he was enabled to chatter without ceasing all dinner-time.

Gertrude stole out of the room.

Running down-stairs, she found him in the hall.

He had mislaid a favorite stick.

"Mr. Losford," she began hurriedly, standing before him in she knew not what attitude of pretty humility, "I said something yesterday, the memory of which is burning me with shame. I cannot forgive myself; but will you say you do? Bob has made amends. Let me do so. What a foolish girl said cannot have hurt you?" she pleaded, as he made no answer.

"Rather, should not have hurt me," he replied gravely; "yet it did cruelly, Miss Goodwin. But for the chance occurrences of last night you would be thinking so still. It was ungenerous as well as thoughtless."

Gertrude winced under each almost contemptuous word.

She had not bargained for this.

Too much hurt for tears, she murmured as she turned away:

"I am sorry!"

"A moment, please! From any other woman I should have accepted the apology without a word. I have scolded you that you might know what it was like before I asked you to give me the right to do it. Gertrude, will you be my wife?"

And Gertrude said "Yes."

When she had fully satisfied him on this point, she asked—

"And you have quite forgiven me, Walter?"

"I shall have when you have done the penance I order."

There was a twinkle of fun in his eyes a stranger would not have believed could harbor there.

"It is that you wear the bit of blue gentian at dinner this evening."

The sight of which harmless specimen caused Bob to blush the only blush he was guilty of in his school-days.

My Friend the Tiger.

BY P. R. NELSON.

MANY are the tales told of the faithfulness of dogs, horses, cats, and other domestic animals.

The following, incredible as it may appear, is, I believe, a true account of the fidelity shown by one of the most ferocious of animals to his master, as told me by a friend.

The friend I allude to was one of the most distinguished of the officers of the late Honorable East India Company.

He was well-known throughout the length and breadth of the land as one without fear and reproach.

Preeminent as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a sportsman, he will never be forgotten as long as the annals of the Eastern Empire are extant.

Many are the monuments raised to his memory, but none more enduring than the affectionate regard in which he is held by the Bheels, whom he brought under subjection, not by the rigor of the law, but by personal example and dashing, almost reckless, bravery, winning the hearts of the people by his open-handed generosity and strict rectitude of conduct, and unexampled exploits in the chase, in which those primitive people are themselves all adepts.

When I was a young man, I was an ardent sportsman, and I have spent many years in the wilds of Hindoostan.

More than thirty years ago (the story was told very many years ago), I was sent with a detachment of my regiment to Dharwar, as hostilities were expected to break out in the southern Mahratta country.

However, no disturbances took place, and I had ample leisure for devoting myself to the wild sports of that part of the country.

Under the guidance of Appiah, the most noted shikarie in those parts, I slew most of the game met with in the ghats of the Western Presidency.

One day, as we were returning from a very successful hunt, in passing through a rocky ravine I heard extraordinary noises,

and, running forward, came face to face with an immense tiger, who was murdering a youngster of his own species.

You know that tigers are given to that pernicious habit, and destroy all their male offspring if they come across them, which, however, is but seldom; for the tigress hides them from their birth, and should they be discovered by their unnatural parent and she be present, will fight to the death in defence of her young.

In this instance she was absent, and her lord and master was exterminating her hopeful as I came on the scene.

I was not prepared for such game, for, thinking that my day's sport was over, I had exchanged the rifle for the gun, which was charged with No. 2 shot, which I hoped to knock over some pea fowl for the pot.

However, on the impulse of the moment, I fired into his face right and left, and, springing back, seized the rifle, expecting fully that the tiger would be upon me immediately.

It was a dull oppressive day, and the smoke from my gun barrels hung very much.

When it cleared away, my antagonist had disappeared, leaving plenty of blood on his trail as a proof that he had not got off scot-free.

My first care was to pick up the poor little feline which he had dropped, and which could not have been a month old, and my second to beat a hasty retreat, for I wanted to get clear away before the return of the tigress.

I noticed two other youngsters lying dead; and the sight of these, together with the loss of the third, would, I knew, render her desperate, and the place we were in was not the best adapted for such an encounter, especially as it was getting dark.

I hurried to my camp, distant about a couple of miles, and had my capture carefully attended to, and his wounds washed and dressed.

I had a dog—a savage unreliable brute, with four pups somewhat older than the little tiger.

Whilst she was being fed outside, I removed one of her pups, and sent it to the village to a foster-mother, substituting the tiger in its place, and waited anxiously for the result, fully expecting to see the dog worry it at once.

It was somewhat dark when the bitch returned to her litter, and pups and tiger were rolled up together, one of the former lying down, all the four were soon sucking away most amicably.

I was up very early next morning, still doubtful of the result of the experiment; but, to my amazement, the bitch licked the little feline all over, and seemed to fondle it more than any of her own.

Milk was plentiful in the village, so by giving my new acquisition a most liberal diet in addition to what he obtained from his foster-mother, he grew apace.

I petted him from the very first, and he soon took to me, and was never so happy as when curled up in my lap

When he was about three months old, the bitch met her death, being ripped up by a boar, and her pups sickened and died.

The young stranger, deprived of its foster-mother and little companions, was at first very unhappy, until I allowed it to sleep on my bed; but soon it grew to be of an uncomfortable size, and I tried several ways of breaking him of a habit which I had taught him myself.

If I tied him up, he bit through the rope and got into my bed, damaging the mosquito-curtains in so doing; and, if I put him into an extemporised cage, made of two six-dozen beer chests, he moaned, whined, and cried to such an extent as to render sleep impossible; so I was forced to let him have his own way, and he soon learnt to roll himself up at the foot of my bed.

As he grew older, his diet consisted of bread-and-milk, supplemented hereafter by a mess of cooked meat and rice; but he always seemed to prefer the former, certainly up to the age of six months, by which time he was as large as a full-grown leopard.

He followed me about like a dog.

Even when mounted, he would go with me miles and miles, and he and my Arab stallion became excellent friends.

About this time I was appointed to officiate as political officer, in addition to my military duties; and I received much *kudos* from the Government for putting down dacoity.

I incurred the enmity of all the bad characters, who combined together to get rid of me.

The crusade against Thugs had, in those days, been only partially successful, and gangs still infested the country.

As a rule, these murdering robbers seldom interfered with European officers: first, because these seldom keep many valuables by them; and secondly, because the murder or disappearance of one would create too great a disturbance.

I had been urged by my spies to place guards at night over my house, but I had neglected to do so; and as the weather was sultry, I slept, as is usual in the East, with all my doors and windows open.

My only valuables, rifles and guns, were secured by a chain, which passed through the trigger-guards, fastened by a padlock to one of the legs of my bed.

One dark pitchy night, after a heavy day's walk, chasing a gang of well-known Dacoits, in which I had been unsuccessful, I had gone to bed very tired, and slept, I have no doubt, unusually heavily.

I was awakened by a roar and a heavy fall, and, jumping up, I lit a candle, and, seizing the nearest weapon, which proved to be a hog-spear, I rushed towards the tumult, and found my pet worrying a man, who proved to be a most noted Thug.

He was in full war-paint, if I may call it so, for he had not a stitch of clothing on him, and was well oiled instead.

This is the usual custom amongst Indian robbers when on any hazardous expedition, for then, if tackled by their victim, they slip through his hands and escape; but with his strange antagonist the Thug had not a chance.

Selim, as I had christened the tiger had dug his claws well into the man's shoulder, and was worrying him and shaking him as a terrier would a rat, and doubtless would have made an end of him in a few minutes had I not interfered.

My servants, who were asleep in the verandah, hearing the hubbub, crowded into the room, and soon seized and pinioned the thief, the leader of a notorious gang.

On promising to spare his life, he gave information which led to the capture of all his comrades.

He confessed it had been his intention to rob and kill me.

So I owed my life to my strange *protege*.

Two months afterwards I received orders to return to Poona with my detachment, and I shall never forget the excitement nor the crowds which collected to see me riding at the head of my men, followed by a good-sized tiger, totally uncontrolled in any way.

Selim was certainly too big to be left at large; but he was an exceptionable beast.

I had full confidence in him, and his only badge of servitude was a broad silver collar, on which were engraved his name and his service to myself.

The brigadier of the station, a fussy, old, timorous gentleman, hearing I had a loose tiger on my premises, sent me a peremptory order either to destroy him or keep him confined.

Now I knew if I put him into an ordinary cage Selim would fret himself to death; so I had one room of my bungalow fitted up purposely for him, the doors and windows being fitted with bars; but I spent a good deal of my time with him, and even slept in the same room.

As he got bigger he slept on a rug, stretched full length alongside of my cot, and never attempted to get on to it as of yore.

He was very cleanly in his habits, like most of the cat tribe, and had a yard surrounded by a high wall to retire to when he wished.

He was seldom happy in my absence, and he soon became a general pet and favorite with my brother officers, and he was as friendly with them as with me.

I taught him many tricks, and never had occasion to speak an angry word to him.

But he missed his exercise, and was pining for fresh air; so often, when all the station was fast asleep, I took my pet out for a run.

Sometimes I was on foot, sometimes on horseback; and either way he equally enjoyed himself, gambolling and playing like a kitten round me.

Nearly two years elapsed, and Selim was a fine, sleek, nearly full-grown beast.

I was then permanently transferred to the political department, and returned to Dharwar in a civil capacity; and, of course, Selim accompanied me.

Being my own master, I knew longer put any restraint on the movements of my tiger: he wandered about as he pleased, either in the compound or in the house.

He never went beyond bounds unless he accompanied me.

His diet still consisted of milk and bread, and occasionally of cooked meat.

He had never tasted raw meat, as far as I know, in his life.

I resumed my sporting habits, and left Selim at home, but he broke loose and traced me into the jungles, and I very nearly once shot him; for, seeing a tiger bounding towards me, I was about to fire, when a peculiar whine, which I knew to be his alone, stayed my hand, and the next moment he was rubbing himself against my legs, which was a mode of expressing his delight, sometimes very embarrassing in a brute of his size.

In a few months he greatly improved in appearance and strength.

With unlimited liberty his health, which had before suffered from confinement, became reestablished, and he followed me like a well-trained 'no slip' retriever in many a hunt.

Now and then the instinct of the animal overcame his discretion, and he would commence to stalk an animal on his own account, but a whisper or a whistle would bring him to my side at once.

To guard against accidents I decorated his neck with flaunting blue ribbons, so as to be able readily to distinguish him from one of his wild *confreres*.

About this time a tiger became the scourge of the country, killing people right and left.

He was a most knowing brute: he would never return to a kill, so sitting up for him was useless.

He would be in a place one day, and be heard of fully twenty miles off the next.

So a reward o five hundred rupees was offered for his skin.

I went after him repeatedly, but for several months I searched for him in vain.

At last, despairing of ever coming across him, I gave him up, and as he had not killed any one for some months past in my neighborhood, forgot his very existence.

Tracking up a wounded stag, I found myself at the very spot where I had saved Selim's life three years before.

Appiah was some distance ahead, closely followed by my strange companion.

I had loitered behind, and was stooping down to pick up a cheroot which I had dropped, when there was a roar.

Something sprang at me across a boulder, but I threw myself down so suddenly that the blow aimed at me took only partial effect, knocking my helmet off.

I was unhurt, but prostrate, with a brindled mass over me.

My rifle had fallen some distance off.

Before the brute could seize me, there was another roar, and Selim sprang on to my foe, knocking him over and rolling on to him.

In less time than it takes to tell, the two were engaged in deadly combat.

Selim had youth and activity on his side, his adversary weight and size.

I scrambled to my feet and seized my rifle, but both hammers were broken short off, and it was useless.

Appiah had but a shot-gun, which he quickly handed to me; but before I could use it Selim had thrown his antagonist on to his back and fastened on his throat.

The usually quiet brute was transformed into a fiend incarnate.

A brief struggle, and a gurgling sound and sundry gasps proclaimed the approaching dissolution of the larger brute, who, however, with an expiring, desperate effort, got his hind legs and claws on to Selim's stomach, and with one tremendous kick ripped him open, so that his entrails rolled on to the ground.

Even then, though he had received his death-blow, Selim never let go his hold until the breath was out of his enemy; then sank down alongside, and with fast glazing eyes looked imploringly at me.

I shouted to Appiah to bring some water, and, rushing to my preserver, I put my arm round his neck and poured some water down his throat.

This revived him somewhat.

Looking at me most affectionately, and licking my hands which held the water-bottle to his lips, he gave a few sobs, a spasm or two passed over his frame, and his faithful spirit fled.

I need not attempt to express my grief at the catastrophe.

My faithful Selim had saved my life a second time by sacrificing his own.

He was indeed 'faithful unto death.'

On examining the brute who had attacked me, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that he was the dreaded man-eater; and it was also surmised, from a number of large shot which were discovered imbedded under the skin of his head and neck, and by which he had been deprived of the use of one eye, that he was the identical tiger from whose fangs I had saved my faithful Selim.

But it is but a surmise, though a well founded one, I believe.

Selim lies buried in the compound of the house I occupied.

I raised a tomb over him, which is kept in repair by a son of Appiah, to whom I made an allowance for that purpose.

Her Last Request.

BY F. R. NELSON.

IT was a very pretty drawing-room, and it looked bright and cosy with its cheery fire, while outside the wind was blowing furiously round the snug little house, and shaking doors and windows and rustling among the climbing ivy as though angry at not being able to do more mischief.

The lady sitting in the low chair, gazing dreamily at the glowing coals, did not seem to be affected by the brightness of the room, for her eyes were full of tears, and the tender, mobile mouth was quivering as if with some inward pain.

Suddenly she heard the click of a latch-key in the street-door, and hastily wiping away all traces of tears, she went into the hall to meet her husband.

"Well, little woman!" was his usual greeting; and then Elsie Raynor was folded tightly in her husband's arms, a proceeding he never omitted after his day's absence in the City.

"Well!" she answered, smiling brightly back with loving pride on the tall, manly figure.

"Is dinner ready? I hope so, for I am hungry enough to eat you, only you are so very nice to look at it would be a pity."

"It would indeed! especially as dinner is just going in, and you can satisfy your appetite and admire me at the same time."

"Just so. I'll be off, then, and get rid of a little City dirt." And he sprang up the stairs, whistling a merry tune.

Elsie sighed as she looked after him.

"He is so happy now," she murmured, "I dread asking him. I could not bear to be refused; it would be too dreadful."

Gerald made short work with his dressing, and was soon sitting opposite his wife at the daintily spread dinner-table.

"Any news?" he asked, after the first rapid clink of knife and fork had somewhat subsided.

"Not much. Mrs. West called, and I—I have had a letter from Maud," Elsie answered, glancing at her husband to see what effect her words had on him.

"Indeed!" with sudden coldness.

"I should like you to read it after dinner, Gerald," his wife went on, speaking quietly, though her heart throbbed quickly, for her sister Maud's name was a tabooed one in their household.

"You must excuse me, my dear; I would really rather not.

Gerald and Elsie had been married four years.

During the first twelve months of their married life Elsie's only sister, Maud—they were both orphans—had lived with them. Gerald had been very fond of bright, wilful Maud.

She was much too pretty, he said, to go out as governess, and had insisted on her living with them, and very happy they had been until, three years before, she had eloped with Gerald's cashier.

Gerald's anger was deep and bitter, through grief at the unhappy girl's probable fate predominated, especially when, in a few days, he found defalcations in the cash to a large amount.

Though crediting Maud with innocence regarding the money, he vowed neither should ever darken his door again.

The shock had caused Elsie to have a long illness, which made it harder for Gerald to forgive, and never since had he mentioned Maud's name to her sorrowing sister.

When the dessert was on the table, and they were once more alone, Elsie left her chair, and knelt down by her husband's side.

"Gerald, dear," she said, gently, "will you not let me read this letter to you? It concerns us both very nearly."

Gerald threw back his head with an impatient gesture. "Very well," he said, coldly.

Elsie took a soiled, crumpled note from her pocket, and read, in a voice almost inaudible, the following—

"Elsie, dear sister—Ere this reaches you I shall be at rest. Yet once more I ask forgiveness. God knows I have been punished for my wicked deceit! Soon I shall be beyond all earthly help; but, oh, Elsie! for the sake of old times save my child, my pure little Daisy! What her life will be if left to her father's care, I shudder to think: what mine has been, I shudder to tell even to you. In pity, then, and for mercy's sake, save my child! Oh, save her from her mother's fate!—MAUD."

There was a painful silence, then Gerald said, sternly—

"As she sowed, so must she reap. I will have no child of that scoundrel's in my house!"

Elsie uttered a sharp cry of pain, and then lifted her face, white with emotion.

"Gerald," she said, hoarsely, "it is my sister's child, too. Oh, let me have her, dear, dear husband! If left to his care she will be ruined."

"I will not!" he said, in a voice so hard and stern that his wife trembled. "I tell you, Elsie, every time I looked at the child I should think of its parents' sin."

"But it is not the child's sin," she pleaded. "Oh, Gerald, think of it! A little, tender, pure child, left to the guardianship of such a man! And you—you might save her if you would."

"My dear Elsie, I have decided. The child shall not come here; so, please say no more about it."

"I did not think you could be so hard, Gerald. You have so often wished for a child."

"Yes, one of our own, not the daughter of a felon. You had better leave me, Elsie, or you will make me angry, and I don't want to quarrel with my little wife."

He drew her to him, and kissed the tearful face very tenderly.

"There, run away, my darling. I have important letters to write."

Gerald sat looking into the fire after his wife had gone, thinking sadly of the blighted life so soon sinking into an early grave.

"Poor girl!" he muttered. "So young and fair. If you had only trusted me in time you might have been saved all this trouble."

* * * * *

It was a stormy night.

The wind blew in gusts.

The rain and sleet beat down pitilessly on the heads of the unfortunate pedestrians who were obliged to brave it.

Gerald Raynor was struggling on through the muddy streets, on towards the bright little home and his wife's tender smiles of welcome.

As he turned the corner of a street he stumbled over some object lying on the ground.

Stooping over it, he saw that it was a woman, young and fair, and at a glance he saw she was quite dead.

He lifted the heavy head to a resting place on his arm.

Her ragged dress scarcely covered the once beautiful, but now shrunken limbs, and her wide open eyes had even in death a look of wild despair.

With a sigh of pity Gerald parted the tangled hair from the cold brow.

Though soiled and stained from the impurities of the streets, it yet curled round the white forehead like a halo.

Surely none but one could have such hair and eyes?

A crowd had gathered round, and many recognised the dead girl.

"Sure enough, it's Daisy Hampton," said one. "A short life and a merry one, and this is the end of it. Ay, she was a bonnie lass, though."

"This is how they most always end," said another, a kindly-looking woman. "Poor thing! she might have been different if she'd had someone to look after her."

Gerald's heart felt bursting.

Was this, indeed, the little white flower his wife had said he could save if he would?

And now—now it was too late.

She was lost, perhaps for ever, and it was his fault!

He might have saved her, and he would not.

Then a policeman lifted up the body of Maud's child.

A stretcher had been brought, and they were going to take it to the dead-house.

How carelessly they lifted her.

Surely they had never heard or read Hood's soul-stirring lines—

"Take her up [illegible],
Lift her with [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

"All that [illegible]
Now is pure [illegible]

With a sudden, sharp cry of agonized remorse, Gerald sprang to his feet.

Why, surely he had not been dreaming?

Where was he?

Was the wild night, the dead girl on his arm, the crowd around him, all, all a phantasy?—a creature of his own imagination?

It was indeed a wild night, for the windows were shaking violently, and the rain was beating against the glass.

All else was but a dream.

The fire had nearly expired.

Only one faint flame shone flitfully, and cast weird shadows over the room.

"Only a dream?" he murmured, passing his hand over his bewildered head. "Yes, I see it now. How wonderfully real it was."

Then, with sudden resolution, he walked into the drawing-room, where Elsie was still waiting for him.

She looked up with a faint smile, showing a face swollen with crying.

"Where is Maud's letter, Elsie?"

"Here, dear," with startled surprise, taking it from her dress pocket.

Gerald looked at the address, and then consulted his watch.

"It is a dreadful night, darling. Would it hurt you to go with me?"

"Go with you? Where? Oh, Gerald, are you going to Maud?"

"Yes, my darling, but we have no time to lose. I will explain all as we go. Run and pack up a few things, and I will send June for a cab. I can see my blind selfishness now."

* * * * *

A week later Gerald and Elsie returned to their home, bringing with them a little fair-haired child of two years, whose blue eyes had fairly taken captive Gerald's heart.

Poor Maud had gone to her rest in perfect peace and content at the last, her hand clasped in her sister's.

Her husband had left her, and was gone none knew whither, so that Gerald and Elsie had no opposition to the adoption of little Daisy.

She has been the delight and pride of his home for many long years now, and Elsie often speaks with thankful tears of Gerald's dream and the happiness it brought them.

Why he did not Propose.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

JACK WILLARD was a well-to-do young fellow, who had been telling himself for some years past that it was time to get married; and one day he met the lady whom he thought he would like to make his wife.

It was at a concert, and she sat in front of him, with her face intently fixed on the performers, but in such a position that Jack had a view of a charming profile, which kept him completely spell-bound during the greater part of the entertainment.

The lady was dressed in black; she had a sweet, pale, lovely face, and her name was Mrs. Esther Linton.

She was a young widow with one child, a baby not quite a year old.

These facts, and others connected with her sad story, Jack succeeded in managing to ferret out from among his friends, with the result that before long he was more than ever in love with Mrs. Linton.

In due course of time, Jack succeeded in obtaining an introduction to the lady herself, and a personal acquaintance only served to rivet his rosy chains.

He called almost every day, on one pretext or another, till at length he began to hope that Mrs. Linton really cared for him; and although naturally a very bashful and timid man, he was rapidly getting his courage up to the point of making a proposal.

One morning he woke up in a livelier and more courageous frame of mind than usual, and he determined to speak the momentous words that very day.

He mentally rehearsed the form in which he should do it while he dressed, and at about eleven o'clock issued forth, splendidly dressed, all prepared to speak his little piece.

He reached the fair widow's house and rang the bell, when, to his surprise, even delight, the door was opened by Mrs. Linton herself.

Then he noticed that the lady had her bonnet on, and seemed to be all ready to go out; but she nevertheless received him with evident pleasure.

"Come into the parlor, Mr. Willard," she said. "I am so glad to see you, for I know you will mind baby for me! See—I have her here in her little carriage, and I won't keep you ten minutes. Bridget has gone out, but she must be back in ten minutes or so; and, anyway, I won't be gone more than half an hour at the most. I have a business engagement of the greatest importance, but it is only at the end of the street. Will you be so very kind? I know it's a great favor, and there isn't another person in the world of whom I would ask it."

What could Jack Willard say? Had he not come there to beg the privilege of becoming baby's second father, and could he reasonably refuse to do a father's duty for a miserable ten minutes?

In a word, he accepted the charge bravely, and declared that nothing in the world could give him so much pleasure as to take charge of baby for a week at a time if necessary.

Mrs. Linton thanked him sweetly, and hastened away.

Jack went to the window, and—baby being asleep—spent the first half of the ten minutes in watching Mrs. Linton's graceful figure as it disappeared down the street. At the end of that time he was suddenly roused from that pleasing contemplation by a piercing scream.

Jack hastened to soothe the baby, but no sooner did she catch sight of a strange and masculine face than she sent forth literally yells of dismay.

"Hush, pretty baby hush!" said Jack, plaintively, as he wheeled the carriage to and fro over the carpeted floor.

But the more he wheeled it the louder the baby screamed, all the while endeavoring to get out of it to fling herself over the wheels, and, in every possible way, to imperil her precious life.

In despair, the new nurse unstrapped the carriage and took her out; Jack Willard stared and made faces—tried to sing, and succeeded in bellowing; tried to whistle, and nearly put the infant into fits.

An inspiration at length occurred to him, and he started off in search of the kitchen, which he found down-stairs, after nearly falling into the cellar.

Then he rummaged about till he found milk and sugar; and with much pride in his own rapidly developing domestic ability, he mixed a drink for the baby.

But she instantly struck the cup from his hand, deluging his shirt bosom and best coat with sweetened milk; and, by-and-by, having accepted a buttered crust of bread, she completed the ruin by rubbing him with grease and bread-crumbs.

This accomplished, she began to scream again.

"I shall go mad!" cried Jack, rushing upstairs and back again to the pantry.

Baby magnanimously condescended to be quiet for a minute or two, munched her bread crust, and laid her little head on his shoulder.

"If she would only sleep!" thought Jack, beseechingly and he began to walk softly to and fro.

Baby would not sleep, however, but she was quiet as long as he walked about, without stirring her from the position in which she had placed herself.

If he stopped for an instant, or attempted to change her position, she yelled worse than ever.

There was nothing for it but a calm endurance.

For two hours, which seemed like weeks, he walked, and suffered cramp in the neck, till at last mistress baby succumbed herself, and slept like a top.

Jack Willard dropped into a seat, and gently removed the child's head from his shoulder, and held her carefully in his arms, for he did not dare to take the chance of waking her by placing her in the carriage again.

Just then he heard the front door open, and the next minute Mrs. Linton entered the room.

A glance told all, and likewise informed her that Bridget had not yet returned.

"Oh, Mr. Willard!" she exclaimed, "what a shame! and how sorry I am! But what a sight you are!"

As she took the sleeping baby and tenderly placed her in the carriage, she was glad of the excuse to turn away her laughing face.

But Jack Willard knew, all the same, that she was laughing.

No wonder!

As she had said, he was indeed a "sight."

His delicate new gloves were torn into tatters.

His coat and shirt bosom were deluged with milk and smeared with butter.

His collar was limp, his cravat untied and his hair was standing on end.

In fact, he was a total wreck, and felt ashamed of himself.

"You see, it is St. Patrick's day," explained Mrs. Linton, "and I had forgotten that—although I was obliged to keep my engagement under any circumstances—and just as I turned the corner to come home, I got blocked in by the procession. I was wild with anxiety, and nearly fainting with fatigue; but I never dreamed of what I had condemned you to, or I should have been in a still worse frame of mind. Where can Bridget be all this time?"

"Sure, ma'am, I got carried along wid the procession," said a voice from the door, "till I thought I'd nivir get home again at all, at all."

Mrs. Linton turned, and sternly bade the girl get to her work without further loss of time.

She could not reasonably rebuke her for a similar misfortune to that which had delayed herself.

"Oh, Mr. Willard! I'm afraid you'll never forgive me! Indeed, I'm so sorry," she continued, addressing Jack.

"Oh, pray don't mention it. I've had a most interesting time," said Jack, with a dreary attempt at gaiety. "But you'll excuse me if I hurry away now. I feel a little dishevelled, and I must get home, and—ah! change my coat, you see."

Picking up his glossy hat he crushed it on his head and fled.

In time, Jack and Mrs. Linton met again, but the gentleman's ardor had considerably cooled.

Mrs. Linton, who had not suspected his matrimonial intentions, was never enlightened; for on no future occasion did Jack speak the little piece so carefully rehearsed on that never-to-be-forgotten St. Patrick's morning.

DEATH AND BURIAL.—In Moscow, as in other parts of Russia, dissenters are met with, and amongst them we have the "Old Believers," who conduct their worship according to the rites of the ancient Greek Church, not admitting the various changes adopted by Nicon and others, and now carried out in the Russian Greek Church.

These dissenters go to great expense whenever death enters their dwellings; and just now—March 1884—there has been in Moscow a very important example of this fact.

In a Russian merchant's family in that city, consisting of father, mother, two marriageable daughters, and one son, the eldest daughter, about twenty years of age, has just died; and an outline of the proceedings consequent thereon will be interesting.

Certainly the social position of the family was of the middle class—wealthy; and their living was of fair style for such folks.

On the day of the daughter's death, immediate preparations were made for the burial, which in Russia must be at once, dead bodies not being allowed to remain amongst the living for more than twenty-four hours.

The coffin was made of thin boards, but covered with silk velvet, having Hall-marked silver handles, and 'coffin furniture,' consisting over a thousand roubles (a hundred pounds); and in the hands of the corpse was placed a small painting of the Virgin, having a silver frame and covering, costing another hundred pounds, and which became the property of the church where the funeral prayers were recited at burial.

The body was dressed as a bride—she had become the bride of heaven; and these robes and the dressing involved, the first, two hundred pounds; and the latter, one hundred pounds.

First, she was dressed in a fine linen chemise, trimmed with costly lace; over this, a chemisette; and then a short tunic in white satin, embroidered with gold and silver thread, called a *sarafan*.

Then the head-dress was the usual Russian hat with pearls.

But the greatest expenses were incurred in prayers and masses.

In forty churches of the city of Moscow, prayers were ordered to be said for her, morning and evening, for forty days, for which sixteen thousand roubles were charged, or at the rate of ten shillings per service—sixteen hundred pounds being paid for three thousand two hundred services; and at each service some one attended and distributed bread and alms to the poor—the bread being to each person a *calatch*, something more than a penny loaf. Such loaves were also sent for forty days to all the prisoners in Moscow.

For several days in the 'bazaars,' the bakers were authorized to distribute bread to all poor people applying who asked for it in the name of the dead girl and engaged to pray for her.

But even this did not suffice. To other cities of Russia, and also to cities such as Vienna, Pesth, Athens, where churches of the sect exist, the news was sent, and prayers ordered to be said for forty days.

The funeral took place in the church of the well-known Holy Cemetery of Rogoshka, where only Old Believers are buried, and where a wooden building was put up capable of dining a hundred and fifty guests—the leading members of the sect around Moscow.

The dinner was served from the leading hotel in Moscow, at a cost of about sixteen shillings per person, to which the expense of the fruit and wine had to be added, the fruit in Russia in early spring costing fabulous prices.

It is calculated that a sum of not less than ten thousand pounds was spent over the ceremony; and none of the co-religionists look upon this as at all extravagant.

TURNING POINTS IN LIFE.—It is said of Voltaire that at the age of five years he committed to memory an infidel poem, and he was never after that able to free himself from its pernicious influence.

William Wilberforce, when a child was placed under the training of a pious aunt; and although much was done in his early manhood to erase the impressions received from his aunt, his whole life was moulded and governed by that training.

Home was quite young when he took the wrong side in a debate, and embraced and defended through life the position taken at that time.

Scott the commentator, in a despairing mood read a hymn of Dr. Watts' on the all-seeing God, and was turned from his sins and idleness to a life of usefulness.

The rebuke of a scorcher and the taunt of a school-mate aroused Clarke the distinguished divine, who, up to that time was very slow in attaining knowledge.

The turning point in Doddridge's life was when Clarke took him under his care. The first year he made great progress in study, and soon developed into a man of learning and influence.

Aaron Burr sought spiritual advice in a revival at college, but his counsellor told him that the work was not genuine. His anxieties were dissipated, and from that time his downward career has been dated.

Robert Moffat, the distinguished Missionary, as he read a placard announcing a Missionary meeting, was led to devote his life for the benefit of the heathen.

Over the water and under the water, and always with its head down? A nail in the bottom of a ship.

New Publications.

"The Advertisers Hand-book of Standard Weekly and Monthly Papers of over 5,000 circulation," issued by Jno. F. Phillips, 2 Park Row New York, will be found of the greatest value to all those who wish to put their business before the country cheaply and thoroughly through the columns of the best papers.

"A Grammar Chart" published by T. Salamonski, 243 Broadway New York, is one of the best, shortest, most pleasant, and comprehensible plans we have yet seen for learning the grammar of our language. It is in the form of a circular diagram, showing in a concise and clear method the various relations of the parts of speech. It is in fact the system of object teaching applied to grammar. It is particularly adapted for the young, and many a weary hour of study would be lightened by the use of this chart. Price only ten cents.

MAGAZINES.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery for August is crammed full of just such reading and pictures as is best calculated for the amusement and instruction of younger readers. It is in every way worth the subscription price. $1.50 per year.

Among the articles in the *Sanatarian* for August are: Leprosy in the United States; Physical Purification; Trichinosis Abroad; Chrome Yellow and Celestial Blue as Breakfast Reports; Hillsdale Sanitary Convention; Education Abroad—a Review; The Great Walking Match and the Walkers; Pneumonia, an Infectious Disease; Foul Air of Gymnasia Class-rooms; Sewage Utilization at Cape May; A New Life Preserver at Sea; First Steamer to Cross the Ocean; The Medical Colleges and Preventive Medicine; etc., etc. Published at 113 Fulton St. New York. Price 35 cents per copy.

The *Magazine of American History* for August comes laden with a variety of agreeable surprises. It will attract many readers. The leading articles are: The Story of a Monument; Did the Romans Colonize America? The author, M. V. Moore, foreshadows further papers. The third article is a graphic description of Lee's Campaign against Pope in 1862, with three illustrative maps. Following this is a touching and appreciative sketch of Charles Fenno Hoffman. Under the general title of Historic Homes, Mr. Henry W. Hurlbert writes in a pleasing fashion of Sunnyside and Washington Irving, and the picturesque mansion and portrait of its master brighten and illustrate the text. Some valuable original letters from Hamilton, Burr, Adams, and others, interesting Notes and Queries, a list of the Historical Societies of the country, and various treasures in the several departments, complete the number. Published at 30 Lafayette Place New York City.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* for August has an unusually interesting number. Dawn, the frontispiece, is a beautiful engraving from the picture by E. J. Gregory, R. B. S. The opening article is about Cutlery and Cutlers at Sheffield, by Henry J. Palmer, profusely illustrated. Following is an artistic sketch of James Ward, a celebrated painter in the early part of this century, after the school of Morland, with eleven copies from his works. A Master Builder, is about the celebrated architect of the Winchester (England) College and Cathedral, William of Wykeham, who became also distinguished as an ecclesiastic and statesman; with seven illustrations. Swinburne contributes a poem, A Ballad of Sark; Archibald Forbes tells a racy story about the Boughtown Script; Stanley J. Weyman has a capital short story, Bab; and the excellent number closes with two chapters of Charlotte M. Yonge's interesting serial, The Armorer's Prentices. Macmillan & Co, New York; $1.50 a year.

St. Nicholas for August is a profusely illustrated and seasonable midsummer number. It opens with a charmingly written and illustrated article on Old Shop and the Central Park sheep, in which Franklin H. North tells about New York's city sheep farm. The Frontispiece, by Menke, is illustrative of this paper. Blanche Willis Howard writes a simple and pathetic story of German child-life, with a happy ending, called Freida's Doves. Celia Thaxter appears in this number in a new role,—as the illustrator of Joel Benton's quaint poem, The Curious House,—and shows the same delicate grace with the pencil as with the pen. An interesting and instructive paper is that entitled Paper: Its Origin and History, by Chas. E. Bolton, which is accurate without being technical, and is illustrated from drawings made at the mills. Louise M. Alcott contributes a summery Spinning-wheel Story, called The Little House in the Garden, while Maurice Thompson tells Marvin and Lesley Hunters, through up and hunting, a bear adventure. The young [illegible] had [illegible] a charming midsummer companion. The Century Co., New York.

"Is that a ladies' gymnasium?" said a countryman to a cop, pointing to a house across the way: "seems to me that I saw somebody just practicing on a flying trapeze." "Faith, it's not a ladies' gymnasium sor; it's a dentist's office. What ye saw movin' through the air was a woman havin' a tooth drawn."

Ayer's Pills cure headache by removing constipation from the system, relieving the stomach, and giving healthy action to the digestive apparatus.

Our Young Folks.

TOO YOUNG FOR SCHOOL.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

"HERE, I say, old fellow! what's the reason you look as sulky as a bear? And where's your cap gone? I say now, do wake up! You'll catch it if old Jacky catches you."

"Let me be.

"You would look sulky if you had a little chap of a brother sent to school, miles too young to come home at all, and had got to look after and keep him out of scrapes, and show him how to get on with his lessons, and keep the fellows from bullying him."

"Why in the world did he come, Graham?"

"Oh, don't bother, Johnny, old man," and as he spoke, Hubert Graham drew his arm away from the parapet over which he was leaning with book in hand, and turning round a frank, honest-looking face towards the boy who was questioning him, passed his hand over his eyes, and sighed. "What can have come to Uncle Charlie to make him send Chris off like this, I can't think."

"Middle of term too!"

"Well, how is it?—explain to me—but—I say, old fellow, where's your cap? you'll be in no end of a row if you lose it, you know."

Up went Hubert Graham's hand to his head, as he answered in a bewildered way, "Cap! Haven't I got—" and then hastily turning, and looking over the parapet, he exclaimed, "Oh! I say, Seton, just look there!" and he burst out into a hearty laugh as he added "One of those barge boys has just fished it up out of the water, and he's holding it up in triumph to me.

"I must have been dreaming.

"It's out of bounds," he went on, with a face of dismay.

"I wonder if the fellow will bring it up to me."

"Not he," said Seton.

Dr. Thornley's boys were not allowed to go, without special leave, any nearer the town on the outskirts of which the school was situated than the bridge over which Hubert had been leaning.

The approach of a master solved the difficulty.

Hubert Graham went up to him.

"If you please, sir, I was leaning over the parapet, and my cap fell into the river.

"A bargee has picked it up.

"May I run and get it?"

The master looked over, and laughed. "Perhaps he won't give it up.

"You may go and try."

When Hubert Graham returned to the bridge in triumph so far as the possession of a very wet cap was concerned, but rather low in his mind at having had to pay the exacting bargee a shilling out of his somewhat scanty store of pocket-money, he found John Seton lingering about for him.

"I say," he said, "I want to know about your uncle, and the little one. He's a jolly little man though; I expect he'll make his way."

"But there's a terrible set in the lower school for him to make his way with, and he's mere baby."

"Well! he's seven—and that seems like a baby to us, to be sure," said magnificent fourteen years, speaking in the person of John Seton; "and you're right.

"They are a set; I wish I was the prefect in his dormitory, but I'm not.

"Tell me how he came here in a hurry?"

"Well, you needn't talk about it to the other fellows.

"Father and mother are in India.

"Father's regiment was ordered abroad four years ago, and mother went with him. There were three of us, and we were sent to Uncle Charlie to take care of.

"I was eight years old then, Nellie was five, and Chris three years old.

"Uncle was jolly and kind, and sent me here when I was ten.

"Just before the summer holidays were over Uncle Charlie married, and I'm sure our new aunt does not care for us to be there.

"But I never thought they'd send Chris to school.

"I wonder what they'll do with Nellie?"

"Can't you write to your father?"

"I will directly, but it's so long before I can hear."

* * * * * *

A poor little fellow taken from the nursery.

A brave, bright little man enough, but oh! so young, so pitiful young to be sent to a school where there were fifty or sixty boys in what was called the lower school only!

Poor little Christopher!

If his mother could have seen him!

He came—bright—happy—full of life, determined to like it.

But before two days were over his little soul was full of misery.

The boys of ten and eleven years became his dread and torment.

On the second day he saw nothing of Hubert till the evening, and then he said, "Hubert, why couldn't I go to our grandfather?"

"Nobody even thought of such a thing, Chris."

"I don't expect our grandfather would like us.

"How do you know?" said the child.

"Oh! don't bother," returned his brother.

"Only what I have heard nurse say.

"She was talking one day to Jane, and she said, 'The children would have gone to General Graham's, only, you know, he was angry with master for marrying, and so master never asked him to have them.'

"I asked nurse what she meant, and she was vexed that I'd heard it, and said it was nothing I could understand."

"But I am so miserable here."

"Try to like it."

"Seton says you can go into his study to-night, and do your exercises.

"The fellows in the school don't leave you alone, do they, Chris?"

"No," said poor little Chris: "they don't."

And sitting in Seton's little study that night the child found comfort for the first time.

And for a few days things seemed better. But it was not to last.

Those boys in the lower school, who had tormented him before, were worse than ever now that they thought he was being made a favorite of by one of the senior boys, and the poor little fellow had no peace.

He complained bitterly to his brother, but it was no good.

Hubert said it would only make the boys ten times worse if he interfered.

"And never mind, old fellow," he said; "it's half-holiday to-morrow, and you'll get some jolly games."

"Jolly games," thought poor little Christopher; "I know better.

"They won't be very jolly to me."

And then Christopher made up his mind, and in his brave little heart determined to tell no one, but to run away, if he could, to his grandfather.

He knew the way to the station from the school, and he knew that trains went direct to a station called Kingsdown, where Uncle Charlie always went when he visited grandfather.

"After all, he can't be worse than the boys," he said to himself.

"And Hubert can't help me."

But Hubert did care.

His smothered indignation and anxiety knew no bounds, and the very night that Chris made up his mind to run away, long after the other boys in his dormitory were asleep, Hubert lay awake thinking how he could help his little brother.

He fancied he heard a noise in one of the dormitories.

It seemed, he thought, to come from the direction of the one in which Christopher was.

He raised himself on his elbow to listen, and muttered to himself, "They shall only wait till to-morrow, and then those two fellows, Howard and Peters, shall have a piece of my mind.

"They're the ringleaders.

"It shall be the worst for them if they've been frightening him to-night."

And he lay there listening till all seemed quiet, and then saying to himself, "The poor little chap is at peace now, I expect," he turned round, and dropped off to sleep.

But he had not listened quite long enough.

Little Christopher waited till all the boys in his room were sound asleep, pinching himself to keep himself awake.

Then out of bed he crept, felt for his clothes which were close at hand, huddled them on, put his feet into his slippers, as he dared not put on any boots, and got out in the passage.

His bed was near the door, which was fortunate, for he thought, if he had to pass many of the boys' beds, his courage would have failed him.

Down the stairs he stole—oh! how they creaked—and unfastening the shutters of one of the school-room windows, got out of it into the garden.

But he'd not calculated on the big dog, who scented a stranger by, and who was out in a moment.

"Dear, darling Ponto," cried the poor little fellow; "don't bark, my dear."

And up he went, and stroked and patted the great mastiff, who, already knowing the little fellow, put his paws on his shoulders, and licked his face with great appreciation. For Christopher was tenderly kind to animals, and he was rewarded for this now in his day of deep distress.

Ponto did not bark.

Christopher whispered to him.

"Ponto, I'm very unhappy. I am running away. I wish I could take you with me. I only love you here, excepting Hubert and he can't help me;" and away he stole.

As he got into the high road the early dawn of morning gave him a little light.

All was consternation in the school later in the morning.

A boy missing!

Dr. Thornley summoned the whole school before him.

Could any boy give him any information? Hubert came forward.

"He said he should run away yesterday, sir; but I had no notion the poor boy would or could, or I'd never have left him last night."

"Why?—for what reason?" said Dr. Thornley, his face growing sterner and graver.

John Seton came forward.

"I'm afraid, sir, there's very bad bullying in the lower school."

"So bad as this, that a boy should run away!" said the doctor; "and you a prefect!"

The color mounted high in John Seton's fine young face.

"I've not had anything to do with the discipline the three weeks since Graham Minor has been here, sir; but some of us meant to speak."

"It could not go on."

"May I go after him, sir?" said Hubert, his voice quivering with anxiety.

"I have sent to search for him in all directions," said the doctor.

"A poor little child like that might meet with many mishaps."

"I am surprised"—his voice shook—"that none of you bigger boys let me know of any of this base, low, ungentlemanly conduct."

The expression on the countenances of some of the boys of the lower school, as these words fell from the doctor's lips, may be imagined.

Dr. Thornley was the kindest-hearted of men, but there were certain offences that moved him greatly; and when moved to wrath, the boys said he could be terrible.

"I must find this all out; and if the boys who have been bullying little Graham have not the courage to come forward and confess it of their own free will, I must take measures to discover who they are.

"But I warn them," added the doctor, "that if I find them out before they have come forward and freely confessed their base conduct, their time at this school will be short. To-day is a half-holiday. All the lower school will keep within bounds to-day."

At that instant "Old Jacky," as the boys called him, the school porter, brought the doctor a telegram.

His face wore a look of great relief as he read it.

And he turned to poor Hubert.

"Your brother is safe."

Then to the school he said:

"I have just received this telegram, which I will read:

"'General Sir Henry Graham, Seton Court, to Dr. Thornley, Middleborough. Christopher Graham safe with me. Shall make full inquiries.'"

At Seton Court the same morning all was lazy and quiet.

The blinds drawn down the entrance door side of the house to keep out the sun, but doors and windows were thrown wide open.

An old gentleman sitting in his library, reading his paper. Something made him restless.

He fidgeted. Something was wrong with his glasses.

Then to himself he said:

"I wish Henry was here. Shall write by next mail. Why shouldn't his wife come home and bring the children here? I don't half like it now that Charlie's married. Perhaps she won't like the children. Got a crase on education, too. They overdo it. Dear me! I wonder where that fellow Thomas is?"

And up got the old gentleman and walked to the door.

He had no sooner opened it than he gave a great start.

"Hullo—what on earth is this?"

What was it he saw?

His old dog Bevis, whose favorite sleeping place was the mat at the door, lying there as usual, but not asleep.

Wide awake, as if on guard.

And marvel of marvels! a dear little fair-haired boy fast, fast asleep, with his head on the dog, who was lying as to make himself into as comfortable a pillow as possible.

The old gentleman stared hard for a minute, then began to shout for Thomas, which woke the child, and he began to sob.

"There, there!" said the old general. "Who are you? You oughtn't to have come in without leave."

By this time poor little Christopher, for it was he, had collected his scattered faculties and catching hold of one of General Graham's hands, cried, "You're grandfather. Do take care of me. I'm so unhappy at school; I think I'm too little. So I said I'd come off to you. You wouldn't be as bad as the boys!"

"What? who?" stammered the poor old general.

"I'm little Christopher Graham. Uncle Charlie sent me to school and I'm too little, I expect. I ran away. I know it was naughty, but forgive me and don't send me back. I had five shillings in my box, and I ran away in the night, and came here by the train in the morning; and I asked where you lived, and I walked here from the station, and I saw the door wide open, and I thought as it was grandfather's house I might come in; and I was afraid of the dog, but he didn't hurt me, and I knelt down to pat him, and I suppose I was very tired, for I can't remember any more."

But he needed to say no more, for he was in his grandfather's arms.

And Thomas was close by, and brought some warm tea very quickly; and a kind-looking old lady came, who said to Christopher she was his great-aunt Susan, and that he must be undressed and have a warm bath, and go to bed to get a sound sleep before they let him tell them anything else.

The very next evening Aunt Susan called Christopher into the library.

There was his very own Nellie sitting on grandfather's knees, and Hubert standing by!

Dr. Thornley had given Hubert one day's holiday to go and see Christopher.

Later in the evening they were all three assembled in a pleasant cosy room, looking over funny old picture-books, which kind Aunt Susan turned out of her treasures.

"All's well that ends well," said Hubert; "but you mustn't run away from school when you're bigger, old boy. You're only forgiven because you're a baby, you know."

And his grandfather said to him later on:

"My boy, in the battle-field no worthy soldier ever turned his back on the enemy. What you had to bear was hard; but you turned your back on your enemy when you ran away.

"And you bear an ancient name, and you come of a noble race. 'We must do our duty, come what will.'

And Christopher never forgot these words.

UNGRACIOUSNESS.—There is a certain kind of manner, common to a good number of persons, that cannot be called by any better term than ungraciousness.

It consists of a stiff, unconciliatory bearing, an inappreciative habit of mind, and a passive receiving of favors; of a lofty bearing towards inferiors in position, an unfortunate inappropriateness of speech, and an inability to grasp the moods of others.

The suitability of the word was made apparent once, in the writer's hearing, by the remark of a lady, whose little daughter, a clever, engaging child in the home circle, assumed a stolid silence on being present with strangers, and a determined refusal to respond to any advances.

"And the aggrieved mamma, "I am sorry to have to own it, but she is a most ungracious child." And the word fitted the case exactly.

There was no timidity in the little one, nor was she obstinate, for she went and came at bidding; but her behavior was, as her mother truly said, ungracious.

Ungraciousness is wholly opposed to all our ideas of good breeding.

Its possessor will never come up to our standard of a true gentleman or gentlewoman, although possibly well-born and well-educated.

The sensation of insecurity, and of being on the lookout for some ill-managed speech, dissipates that safe and calm atmosphere which surrounds the truly refined.

There is always a nervous dread of what may come next, and a feeling of constraint is generated.

To those who are much in the society of the ungracious there is fostered, insensibly, a guarded carefulness as to topics likely to call forth a show of ungraciousness, and a cautious manner of feeling their way on a subject, so to speak, very trying to those having to practice it.

Yet, with every care taken, the failing will appear, and almost always when least expected, and on occasions seemingly the least calling for it.

The recipient of favors from the ungracious is to be pitied. However substantial the benefit, there is a sad feeling of discomfort and humiliation in its acceptance; for the pleasant, gracious manner of giving, which so sweetens the gift, is lacking.

The ungracious often humiliate, although they generally do so unwittingly; and there is hardly any task more repugnant to ones, feelings than having to ask a favor of them.

How we shrink from it! if only for others and far more if for ourselves. Even when pretty certain of its being granted, we know just the grating little sentence by which the granting will be accompanied, and the ungracious air, ruffling our temper and spoiling due gratitude.

To be in any position of dependence upon the ungracious is what it would be cruel to wish one's worst enemy.

The [illegible] are oft-recurring, and what [illegible] hints, and [illegible] in such a one as the ungraciousness [illegible] pity.

But whatever the cause of ungraciousness, the unpleasant fact remains that numbers of persons afflicted with it—and, what is worse, afflicting others with it—are about.

They jar upon our sensibilities, and they give us many a rebuff. We are generally all unprepared for their ungraciousness.

We do a kind act, sometimes at cost of time and money, and the chilling acknowledgement first surprises, and then angers us.

Or it may merely be the common courtesies of daily life; whatever it is, we are put down somehow, and are resentful.

And yet, when we come to reflect how unaware the object of our resentment is of his or her work, we feel ourselves in the wrong to take offence.

Have not many of us listened with astonishment to ungracious words, and been witnesses of an ungracious manner, and really wondered how such words could be spoken, and manner shown, with unconsciousness?

It has seemed quite inexplicable to us. And if we are led, in a state of exasperation, to anathematize an ungracious person, the recommendation is given, to "Never mind," and the explanation added, "It is his (or her) way." Yes, their way; their rude, irritating, aggravating, chilling, repellent way, so are all disagreement but, in the same it is not easy to take it unmoved.

For those ungracious persons who are aware of their failing and regret it, we all feel sorry; but for the conceited ones, or those so dull they blunder on unknowingly, we can only feel aversion.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

FAREWELL.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Like wandering ghosts the wintry winds are roaming
Through shivering boughs—no star illumes the sky,
As side by side, we linger in the gloaming,
Hand clasping hand, though we have said Good-bye!
Cold on my bosom lies thy parting token—
Fast fall my tears, for I remember when
The fond good-bye in playful mood was spoken,
While hope kept whispering we should meet again.

With thee I shared the summer's golden pleasures:
Ah me, how gaily danced its hours away!
Bleeding and torn, my breaking heart still treasures
The tender memory of each vanished day—
Dear hours of rapture! gone beyond recalling,
Dead as the flowers we gathered in the past!
The night has come, our mingled sighs are falling
Like mournful requiems on the wailing blast.

Bend low, my dearest, e'er we part for ever,
Whisper once more that I am all thine own!
Touch with thy loving lips before we sever
The pallid cheek that glowed for thee alone
Ah love, remember, when thy life seems lonely,
When fortune's fickle blast blows wild and chill,
One faithful heart lives on thy memory only,
One constant bosom holds thine image still.

I feel thy fervent lips upon my tresses,—
Love's tenderest phrases thou art murmuring now!
Thy trembling fingers raise with fond caresses
The wandering locks from off my aching brow!
O'er hill and dale the angry winds are sweeping,
As though to tear me from thy last embrace—
Nor dare these eyes, so vainly, wildly weeping
Take their last look of thy beloved face.

Farewell, farewell! Oh, love! can I be dreaming!
I call thy name and yet thou dost not stay!
Nor twinkling star, nor round white moon is beaming
To light thee, dearest, on thy cheerless way.
Farewell, farewell—love, wrecked with mighty sorrow,
Wrings from the tortured heart that anguished cry;
Fierce winds will cease, dark clouds disperse to-morrow,
But suffering love bleeds on, and will not die!

AT THE TABLE.

IN China the great mass of the people have only two meals a day, though laboring men while hard at work insist upon three square meals.

Bowls and chopsticks are arranged on the bare boards. In the centre of the table are arranged dishes containing pickled fish, boiled pork, some salt vegetables, and perhaps a curd made of lentils. The smell of garlic and oil is almost enough to knock one down.

The men sit on stools around the table, and if the weather is hot, divest themselves of every stitch of clothing save the tucked-up pants.

When they are ready for the fray, in comes a serving man, bearing a huge bucket of rice steaming hot, the contents of which he commences to shovel into the bowls on the table.

Each man takes his chopsticks, digs into the central dishes and fishes out several pieces of meat into his bowl. Raising the bowl to his face, he pokes the rice and meat into his gaping mouth.

The chopsticks are plied so rapidly and continuously, and mastication occupies such a small part of the process, that the whole basinful of rice soon disappears as if by magic.

Once, twice, three times, perhaps, is that bowl replenished, and as quickly emptied as before.

Having reached the limit of his capacity, he takes half a dozen whiffs from a brass hubble-bubble pipe, drinks a cup or two of tea, and resumes his task, or makes night hideous by unearthly snoring.

Among the well-to-do classes, fresh fish, fowl and pork are the main articles of diet. Beef is seldom tasted, the transmigration fear of the beef-eater and butcher in the next life being sufficient to deter all right-minded people from encouraging the slaughter of the noble animal that plows their fields.

Mutton is expensive, and lacks the flavor of our home breeds. Cattle are imported for foreigners' use, and even if there were no beef and mutton, the Canton markets abound with delicious fish, poultry, game, and all kinds of delicious tropical fruits, which make the retired merchant almost sigh for the flesh-pots of China.

A banquet at the house of a Chinese gentleman is something to be dreaded. Were the sight or smell of the various dishes at all tempting, the dread of offending his host's prejudices, or transgressing the proprieties by some awkward movement or trivial blunder, is sufficiently embarrassing to take away the guest's appetite.

Woe to the uncouth foreigner who unceremoniously sits down when invited to do so, or who drinks up his tea as soon as it is poured out, or takes his seat in the place of honor offered him without duly protesting his unworthiness and showing his reluctance to accept the honored position. There are, of course, no ladies present, the denizens of the "inner apartments" being content with peeping through the curtains at their lord's guests.

In the banqueting room is a red, lacquered "eight fairy-table" destitute of any approach to a table-cloth, for who but a barbarian would spread the festal board with a white cloth, associated only with mourning, death and the grave?

On this table are arranged in symmetrical rows dishes of ripe and preserved fruits and four plates containing salted eggs, pickled fish, ham, and salt vegetables.

The feast is opened by the host pouring out to each guest a cup of wine, the guest placing one hand to the cup, bending forward and exclaiming:

"In koi, in koi!"—"I don't deserve, I don't deserve!"

The host makes a move, and amidst many graceful bowings and turnings, the cups are drained at one lift.

Fruits are eaten first, after which comes a waiter with a rinse bowl and a pipe of tobacco, which he prepares and lights for the guests.

These are only minor preliminaries to the dinner. The first course comes in, consisting perhaps of a rich soup made of the edible bird's nest, shark's fin and sea-slug, with mushrooms and pigeons' eggs floating on the top.

If one could forget the sickening ingredients, the grimy hands that prepared the dish, and the dirty kitchen where it was cooked, he would probably say it was the finest soup he had ever tasted. By the time the guests have smoked a few whiffs from their hubble-bubbles, the next course is ready.

The courses are too numerous for description, but here is a bill of fare of a meal that it takes three hours to get through with:

First course—Birds'-nest soup, as above described.

Second course—Fried fish and roast pork; wild duck and cabbage.

Third course—Stewed bamboo shoots, mushrooms, chicken and ham.

Fourth course—Stewed fish; shell fish.

Fifth course—Boiled fish, with a vegetable mixture called tsoi.

Sixth course—Sugared duck and chicken.

Seventh course—Pheasant and chicken fried in oil.

Eighth course—Lumps of mutton fried in pork fat.

Grains of Gold.

Oaths are hell's password.

Humanity is the son of God.

Let us do what we can while we can.

The implements that hew characters are the acts of life.

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

What is often taken for decision of character is nothing but bigotry.

Our true acquisitions lie only in our charities; we gain as we give.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside.

It is a great mistake to avoid actual duties while planning imaginary ones.

Nobody likes to be contradicted, even when contradiction is deserved.

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

The more we help others to bear their burdens, the lighter our own will be.

It is not cowardly to yield to necessity, nor courageous to stand out against it.

Take away man's hope of heaven, and the devil could dispense with his recruiting stations.

Littleness of mind makes one obstinate. One is unwilling to believe what lies beyond his sight.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

Value no man for his opinion, but esteem him according as his life corresponds to the rules of piety and justice.

Happiness is a fruit which, if it grows not at our own homes, we need not expect to gather in strangers' gardens.

Covetous ambition, thinking all too little of which presently it hath, supposeth itself to stand in need of all which it hath not.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

Femininities.

A rich dress is not worth a straw to one who has a poor mind.

One of the most successful druggists in New Orleans is a woman.

Milliners' bills are the tax on the male sex for the beauty of the female.

We are often selfish in our love, desiring more to be loved in return than to benefit the object of our affections.

No woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

Several States prohibit a woman from making a will. We notice, however, in spite of the law, that they generally have one.

Emily Faithful says there is no country in the world in which husbands are so good, kind, and so affectionate, as in the United States.

Mrs. Phœbe S. Paine, of Boston, has a patent for a coffee-cleaner, which is all it professes to be; a thoroughly good article for its purpose.

Mary P. Gartrell, Indianola, Iowa, during the week ending July 1, took a patent for a step-ladder, and Mary Gillette took one for a pan.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity, both being equally subject to change.

"No, George," she said, "you, and you alone possess my love—but I like ice cream." What else could he do but take her direct to the ice cream saloon?

"My Daughter Paints," is the title of a new novel. And she probably powders, too, but it is a mighty mean man who would give the girl away in that style.

She had false teeth, and false hair, but she was rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed and sweet-tempered, and her lover said: "With all thy faiss, I love thee still."

Female conductors are employed now on the Valparaiso, Chili, street cars. In Santiago, female conductors are stated to have been a success for some time past.

A St. Louis doctor says that sweetmeats, bonbons, ice cream, etc., cause indigestion, headache, congestion of the liver, and are a great source of boils and pimples.

We don't know just exactly how it is in other places, but in Camden a woman will answer a call by a telephone without stopping to brush her teeth and fix her hair.

Overheard on the grand stand: "Should you not like to scrape that girl's face with sand-paper, Madge?" Now, isn't that a dreadful way of expressing a hilly complexion?

Dr. Willis announces the fact that "mothers-in-law are not laughed at in Persia." Same here. He must be a bold, bad man, without any hair, who would laugh at his mother-in-law.

Miss Mary M. Seymour has been recently appointed Commissioner of Deeds for New Jersey, by Governor Abbott. She is the first woman who ever took testimony in a New Jersey court.

It is best when folks are courting that they find out faults beforehand. When you marry as sinners you will be more apt to live as saints than when you marry as saints, to live as saints.

A woman should not scream at the sight of a mouse. It lets the ferocious animal know right where she is located, after which it may advance with the certainty of death upon its quivering prey.

No girl is plain, says Mr. Ruskin, who is well-bred, kind or modest. All real deformity means want of manners or of heart. All real ugliness means some kind of hardness of heart or vulgarity of education.

Ten years ago a woman of Harlem, N. Y., run a needle into her foot, and the other day a physician removed it from her breast. When the needle was removed it was as bright as the day it was turned out of the factory.

Impecunious young men are pouring into the ears of their best girls dreadful stories of poisoned ice cream and bursting soda fountains, but the courageous maidens are too brave to be frightened by unseen dangers.

When a girl is standing at the front gate waiting for her beau, five minutes seem to be about an hour's time; but after he comes, and the two are "all alone by themselves" in the parlor, an hour skips by in five minutes.

She was a sweetly inexperienced young housekeeper, as may be gathered by her remark when some one suggested that she should purchase spring mattresses. "Yes," she said, "if they are in season, of course we must have some."

It is said that, when garments were first doled out, man gave woman the petticoat. He did it to prevent her from running after him in all his pleasures and pursuits. He saw that if she once got rid of that article she would be his equal.

A mother, in Sweden, walking home with her little girl one fine starlit evening, seeing her look up now and then, asked of what she was thinking. "I was thinking," said the little one, "if the outside of heaven is so grand, what must the inside be!"

One thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine work-people get their living in Paris by making personal decorations and habiliments for pet dogs. Every dog having any claim to be well cared for, wears tall boots of doeskin when he is taken out for a walk.

"Don't you think you have a good mamma, to spread such nice large slices of bread and jam for you?" said an old lady to a little boy, who was enjoying his tea. "Yes," was the reply, "but she would still be better if she'd let me spread on the jam myself."

A bright and witty young lady, who is the possessor of an autograph album, was recently half amused and half mortified by having it returned by a youthful admirer, with the astonishing announcement written over his signature, thus "There is nothing so lovely in nature as me!"

News Notes.

White fleas are the latest Georgia sensation.

In Japan the sandals are left outside of house.

California Chinamen have adopted the bicycle.

There are over three thousand pawnshops in London.

Corns and bunions, says a Pittsburg doctor, are inherited.

About 40,000,000 pennies were coined in the United States last year.

Diarrhœa is the invariable warning and precursor of an attack of cholera.

Alex. H. Stephens' library, which cost $20,000, has been sacrificed for $800.

The people of this country consume $100,000,000 worth of patent medicines every year.

In St. Louis, says one of its newspapers, four-fifths of the inhabitants have taken to chewing gum.

Goats have become a nuisance in the East Indies. There are 14,000,000 of them in the Madras presidency.

A farmer named Stinson, at Eaton, Ga., has a calf that manages to get along comfortably with a wooden leg.

If people die of cholera it will not be the fault of the doctors. They have offered the public 945 so-called cures.

A prisoner in an Indiana jail is said to have no less than ten wives living, and he is not a professional Mormon, either.

Enough copies of the tariff speeches delivered in the last Congress were printed to give one to every voter in the country.

General Wallace says that although he lived in Turkey three years, he never spoke to a Turkish woman during that time.

The female members of the Connecticut Salvation Army wear jerseys upon which is the inscription: "Dead to the World."

The present strength, numerically, of Freemasonry throughout the world is placed at 138,095 lodges, with 15,000,000 members.

Mud-baths are given at Richfield Springs, for rheumatism. The victim is submerged in a clayey substance nearly to his ears.

The Prince of Monaco, who was recently saved from his sinking yacht, is famous throughout Europe for his brutality to his wife.

A 24,000 candle-power electric light will, in a week or two, be placed in position at Hell Gate, N. Y., to illuminate that dangerous channel.

In Walla Walla, W. T., a model city of 7,000 inhabitants, a municipal ordinance prohibits any boy or girl from being out alone after dark.

The surprising fact appears that Germans make up more than half the list of 423 suicides in this country during the months of March, April and May.

The use of opera chairs instead of pews, in churches, is being advocated in New York. One house of worship already has them in use in the gallery.

General Grant has, since misfortune befell him, reduced his stable to one horse, a large bay, behind which, in a modest coupe, he takes his daily airing at Long Branch.

A man who was hanged out in Indiana, made no speech from the gallows. He merely nodded to the clergyman as the trap was sprung and muttered, "See you later."

A Cincinnati jury that had been out 22 hours the other day, in a homicide case, resorted to prayers for guidance, and then united in a verdict of "murder in the first degree."

Southey records in his "Commonplace Book" that a physician who had seen more than 60,000 cases of smallpox, said he had never met with the disease in a person with red or light flaxen hair.

The Parisian dandies have revolted against the claw-hammer frock coat, and the correct costume for evening parties now is a blue coat with gilt buttons, and pearl-gray trousers.

A change of style has been ordered in prison garments by the Connecticut State prison directors for the convicts in that State. Hereafter the prison suit will be all gray, instead of half black as before.

A raiser of geese in the suburbs of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., finding it impossible to identify her birds that so frequently intermingled with the flocks of others, has painted their heads and wings as green as grass.

The Selectmen of Lisbon, N. H., have paid bounties on eight hundred and fifty woodchucks this season. It is said that the boys are importing woodchuck tails from Vermont and getting the bounty on them.

Two young gisls have gone into business as dolls' dressmakers, at Holyoke. A sign is hung out which reads: "Dolls' dresses made and sold here;" and a good many little girls are seen emerging from the door with dolls in their arms.

Rev. Joseph Cook has been figuring about our future population. He estimates that in the year 2100 our population will be 200,000,000; in the year 2200 it will be 800,000,000; in the year 2300 it will be 1,600,000,000, and in the year 2400 it will be 3,200,000,000.

A case was recently before the authorities in this city, in which the offence charged was that of stealing packages from the top of a letter-box. In New York, however, thieves have stolen the boxes themselves, recently, from several lamp-posts in the Bowery.

It may be interesting to learn that a person six feet in height, standing on the lips of Bartholdi's head of "Liberty," can only just reach the eyebrow; that people can jump with ease in and out of the tip of the nose, and that the eyes measure six feet from corner to corner.

Beneath the Sea.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

AY, ay, sir, I'm an old man now, and I've seen some ups and downs in my life, and I could tell you of many queer things that have happened, as ye say.

"Eighty-four, come Michaelmas, I shall be, and in a spell like that one must be main blind if they don't see a sight of things.

"And I always think we sailors have bigger chances than other folk, for we are here and there and somehow, our life seems o' purpose to bring out all the good or bad one has in 'em.

"Have I ever been out in a storm? Ay, I mind me of many—some of 'em here close to Hull—the dirty old town, as some call her, but a nice spot to me, for my father was the mate o' the Fair Sally that plied atween Hull and Hamburgh for more years than I can count; and in our little cottage yonder I was born, and ever market-day, when a lad, I went into Hull; and when I was tired o' the streets and houses, I used to get me down to the harbor and watch the big ships and the outlandish crews, and I heard o' the wonders o' foreign parts, till all my heart was set to go to sea.

"My mother would have kept me back—ah! she knew enough of the terrors o' the deep—but I couldna' stay, an' I went.

"The life-boat? Ay, ye want to keep me to the storm!

"Yes, yes, I've been out in her, and more than one brave fellow I've just laid in her all but lost.

"Shall I tell you of the awfullest time I ever did see?

"Ay, then I will, but maybe ye'll sit down sir—the rock is dry now, and the sun is warm to-day.

"It's many years agone what I'm going to tell, for our Willie was but a laddie of twenty then, and now he's near the sixty. Ah! our hearts were sore for Willie. He seemed gone clear away from his mother and me.

"Poor old wife used to lie awake o' nights and pray for the boy who was slowly breaking her heart.

"For many a time he would come home all raving drunk, and curse the poor souls who called him son.

"'Twas no use to pray or urge him, he went on in his way—ragged, sottish, miserable—till at last, in a fight one night at the Bull Tavern—close to the harbor, sir—he nearly killed big Tom Nichols.

"Then Willie was frightened, and made off: and for two long years we heard naught o' the lad.

"I got sour, I did.

"My mates used to leave me alone; for how could I be jolly when I, who never afore owed money, was in debt because of Willie?

"For I had to pay, or the men in blue would ha' took out a warrant for him. And my father's watch had to be pawned, and my old Janet had to go wi'out a new shawl—and she so thin and weakly. So, God forgive me, sir, but in my heart I vowed I'd never set eyes on Willie more.

"The storm?

"I'm a-comin' to it now. 'Twas in November, and I was home for a spell, and glad I was, for the wife was down at death's door, and I couldna' abide to be away.

"She lay all day so white and weak, and I child her that she did not care to live even for me, and I loved her, sir, aye, and would ha' died to save her!

"So this night I just was fast in the house.

"It had been blowin' all day, an' I knew we should ha' a real fresher.

"So when the day wore on, I piled up the fire and sat me down, surly like, to smoke my pipe and look after the dear old woman who could hardly speak at all.

"How fast the wind got up, and how black it grew!

"Every pane of glass seemed to shake, and for all I hung my coats afore the door, the wind got in somehow, and flapped away at the candle.

"I listened to the waves; sure they roared and dashed as I had never heard them, and the under swell was awful-like.

"Byme-by the rain splashed again the glass, and the hail spattered down the chimbly; 'twas a night to make you tremble sir.

"Presently Janet said, 'Roger, wonder where the boy is?'

"And I started to my feet, and said, 'Curse him!'

"May I be forgiven, but I could not help it.

"Then his mother fell to cryin', and her breath come so thick and fast, and she looked that white I was scared.

"'My lass,' I cried, 'my poor lass, forgive me. Don't die and leave me, for I'm hard and bad away from ye, my lass.'

"And she just put her thin arm up round my neck, and held me so and sobbed on, then lay so still I thought her gone.

"I had not minded me of the wind but now the cot seemed to rock, and I laid my head down and kissed her once and prayed to die.

"Then I got a sup of brandy and touched the poor, white lips, and all of a sudden the door burst open, and there were my mates.

"'Come, Roger,' they said, 'we want you lad. The life-boat must go out, there's a ship foundering in sight o'land. Come, lad!'

"They knew I was no coward, but I dare na' move to-night, and I pointed to the bed and said, 'look there.'

"And when they looked, they said naught: how could they?

"Through the door the wind was pouring in, and streams of water ran from them drippin' but above the sound of the gale, rising fast to a tempest, and beyond the roar of the waves as they raced each other up the rocks, there came a sudden boom and our cot lit up like day by a pale blue light; 'twas a ship's rocket, sir.

"And she rose up out of her swoon, and sat up, her eyes wide open—we saw 'em in the glare—and she said—

"'Go, Roger, lad, maybe some poor mother's son wants savin'.'

"Then she fell back, and spake not a word more, for the breath was gone. And I just kissed her, sir, and laid her poor hands together, and turned away. For sure I was bound to go now.

"My mates was good to me, for they let me be, and I got down first to the bonny boat.

"All the crowd made way—I was a big chap then, and powerful, and I cleared 'em away like a breath.

"I didna' feel the wind or rain; all I thought o' was the poor lass gone, and me left.

"Sixteen of us, sir, got into the Bonnie Bell.

Fierce were we, and brave, and the good folk cried—

"'God bless ye' as we started.

The big waves wanted to suck us in, but the Bell kept her head well, and our strong hearts wouldna' say 'die.'

"Not as I said anything; I was mad a'most.

"I don't know how far we rowed, but I know we got to the ship, away out yonder round the point.

"They had struck, and were filling fast. At first we could not find their whereabouts it was so pitchy dark, but every now and then they sent up a rocket, so we come up close.

"Oh, but 'twas dreadsome, for the women screeched, and a whole boat-load were lost just as we come alongside.

"Didn't they cheer and didn't we work! But its wonderful what sense we all gets in danger.

"We seemed as though we knew just where to throw the rope, and every now and then a white face came close to our boat, and the poor soul was lifted in.

"We saw 'em sometimes for a minute, when the boat lifted, a clinging to the masts and we heard the timbers a-creaking with the strain.

"There was a dull awful silence for a minute, and the next we seemed swallowed up in a swish of waters, and we old salts knew that ship would never sail again; she had gone down.

"All at once a voice cried—

"'Man here!' and I jumped overboard. I saw him, but he sank, then he come up further away, and I made a dash after him, but the old boat was atween us, and such a blow it gi'me,—ye can see the scar now, and the Bonnie Bell's mark will never wear away, I s'pose.

"But I wasna' a going to lose my man if I could help it, so I dived, and I gripped him.

"He was heavy, sir, and I was growing weak, and I felt the waters stoin' about us, and it seemed all singin' of 'kingdom come' and I thought I'll keep 'some mother's son' in my arms, and the dear old wife will look down and know I'm doin' as she wished.

"And like a flash it come to me about Willie, and I cried—

"'Bless my lad, oh, bless him!' and then 'was all over.

"I had a dream, sir. Sure I was in my cot, and Janet was there too.

"I was a-lyin' in my bed, and she sat beside me and just held me tight, and her voice was low and sweet, and her eyes shone like the angels.'

"And I thought 'this must be Heaven; I'm glad I'm here.'

"Then all at once I woke up, for there was such a noise, and there were all my mates!

"I was in bed, sure enough, as weak as water, my head strapped up, and my hands quite white and genteel-like.

"Dear old lads, they did seem glad to see me—ah! they're all gone now except Tom Jonks, and he's ailing.

"'What about the old woman?' I said, half fearful, for I wanted to know where they laid her, and I was sad to come back to our poor cot after Heaven!

"'What about me?' says a voice, and there was Janet! Why, she wasn't dead at all, sir.

"She had swounded that night when I left her, and now she was come to again! The dear old heart!

"We both cried, and we laughed, and our old mates were all in the same way, and no shame to any of us, sir; for wasn't we both give back to each other, and we Hull-folk always was hearty, sir.

"So when I was able to stop from bein' a child, I says—

"'And the poor fellow as I fished for, he is dead, I spose?'

"'No,' says Janet, and she colored like a girl.

"'No, Roger, thank God. He shall come in.'

"And when the fine tall fellow got up close to me, bless you, we fell to cryin' and kissin' again all round, for, sir, 'twas Willie our lad! I'd saved him! I'd saved my boy!

"There he comes, sir; he's gettin' grey, but he minds his old father yet, and we bide together now. . . . Ah! laddie, I've been telling the gentleman of that dreadful night when the Stormy Petrel went down. Come home? Ay, I'm a bit tired, Willie, but that's not amiss; I'm 'most eighty-four. . . Thank ye, sir, for liking to hear my yarn. Maybe another day I'll tell another, but not about my Willie.'

NAME AND NATURE.

His name was Key, he loved one Bessie Dunn,
A sappy youth, high in his own esteem.
He dreamt her heart—her truest love, he'd won,
And hoped together they would sail life's stream,
That she loved him he had nor doubt nor care.
One day he said, "I'm sure you will agree
To drop Miss Dunn, and with a will prepare
Your bridal robes, and take up Mrs. Key."
She shook her head, and thus made quick reply:
"I scarce unto your wishes can consent,
For if I did, it's plain before my eye—
Tho' doubtless you might think quite different—
That I, in fact, as any one could see,
By such an act a Dunn-Key I would be."

—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

A band box—The orchestra enclosure.

When is water like fat? When it's dripping.

When are two apples alike? When they are pared.

To the man hoeing his own row the world hoes a living.

When is a chimney like a chicken? When it is a little fowl.

Why is a colt like an egg? Because it's of no use till it's broken.

It is all very well to tell us that "sweet are the uses of adversity," but we would rather be spoiled the other way.

What is that which has never been felt, seen, nor heard, never existed, never will exist, and yet has a name? Nothing.

Professor Proctor says the earth is still in her youth. That explains why she goes around so much, and is out so late of nights.

"That was a clothes shave," said the burglar as he tumbled over the fence, leaving a part of his pantaloons with the bulldog.

Small boy—"Pa, did you know ma long before you married her?" Pa—"I didn't. I didn't know her until long after I married her."

"Now, then, Patrick," said the merchant to his new office boy, "suppose you go for the mail?" "Yis, sor; an' what kind of male wud ye be wantin', sor—Indian male or oat male?"

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds** and **Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is more effective than anything else in relieving even the most serious **bronchial and pulmonary affections.**"

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Laryngitis,** and even acute **Pneumonia,** and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption.** It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of **Croup** and **Whooping Cough.**

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists.

Humphreys' Homeopathic
Specific No. 28
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy in
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes.
$1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5.
Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, **Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.**

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve **PAIN** with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Sciatica,
Headache,
Toothache,
Inflammation,
Asthma,
Influenza,
Difficult Breathing.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, **Summer Complaint,** Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms,
Fever and Ague.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

THE SKIN,

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Facetiæ.

Why is a tale bearer like a bricklayer? Because he raises stories.

"Time is money," said the seedy man when he spouted his watch.

A Boston firm advertises "shoes for elopements." They don't squeak.

What sweetment do you get by slamming a door on your fingers? Jam.

Why is a tramp like the servant girl? Because he lives out by the month.

Why are fixed stars like pens, ink and paper? Because they are stationary.

Why may carpenters believe there's no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

Why would tying a slow horse to a post seem to improve his pace? Because it would make him fast.

The English is a wonderful language. A New York tenement house fifteen stories high is called a flat.

A young man earnestly inquires how success is attained. The best way we know of is to marry a rich wife.

What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? One is a sale of effect; the other is the effects of a sail.

A Boston lady boasts of having raised onions measuring fifteen inches in diameter. No need of her keeping a dog.

A French barber's signboard reads thus: "To-morrow the public will be shaved gratuitously." Of course it is always "to-morrow."

Why is a bee-hive like a bad potato? Because a bee-hive is a bee-holder, and a beholder is a spectator, and a spect-tater is a bad potato.

A magistrate once consoled a man who complained that justice had not been done by him, by the remark that it was "very lucky for him."

When a concern fails in China the debtors' heads are cut off and thrown in with the assets. That is the way their creditors get a head of them.

Before a druggist sells a customer quinine pills he always goes to the back end of his shop, takes off his conscience, and locks it up in his safe.

What is the difference between a poor gun and a hired masquerade costume? One is fired and doesn't hit, and the other is hired and doesn't fit.

"Trust men, and they will trust you," said Ralph Waldo Emerson. "Trust men, and they will bust you," says an ordinary every-day business man.

"Now, Lord, if you will give me your attention just a moment," is the manner in which a Montana minister began a prayer on a recent Sabbath.

Why have all fruit trees military propensities? Because, when young, they are well-trained; they produce many kernels, and their shoots are very straight.

A Hibernian traveler, expressing how cheering and comfortable the roads are made by milestones, suggests that it would be a great improvement if they were nearer each other.

One of the most prevalent superstitions about precious stones is the superstition that most of the alleged diamonds worn in the ears of the ladies and shirt-fronts of gentlemen are precious.

How foolish most of our proverbs are! For instance, it is said that a straw shows which way the wind blows, when everybody knows it is the wind which shows which way the straw blows.

The question for discussion at a recent meeting of scientists was: "Which travels fastest, heat or cold?" It was decided in favor of heat, as many present had often been able to catch cold.

Perhaps after all there is too much freedom in the country. Our youths raise what they are pleased to call moustaches upon the slightest provocation, and society is powerless to prevent the outrage.

Observation of a new roller-skater: Sometimes, before sitting down, you kick out violently at nothing with great rapidity, and the skate says: "Kinckety! slambang! dum kinckety! bang, bang! whoof!"

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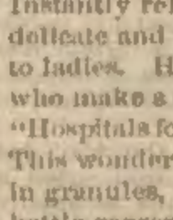

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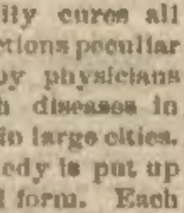

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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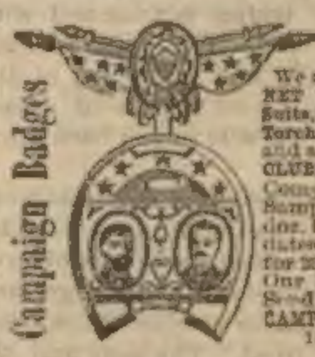

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

WE have now reached that stage in the season's fashions at which we need look for nothing radically new for some time to come.

The styles are all established; one sees now only the different modes of treatment which each receives.

The vogue which was predicted for the full loose styles has been as great as anticipated.

The surplice waist, the Fedora vests, the yoke waist with white chemisette and sleeves—these are the features which, in the costumes of young ladies, occur again and again.

The yoke waist usually goes with a type of dress otherwise very plain; an untrimmed skirt, round and full, and a wide sash, tying behind with long ends; such is the general style of many dresses.

Morning dresses of lawn, nainsook, seersucker, batiste are frequently made in this wise. The sleeves of the white chemisette are usually quite full.

The same general model occurs in finer materials for afternoon and evening wear. Then the yoke is of solid embroidery instead of muil, and it may be embroidery on the material itself—be it veiling, crape or Chine, or what not.

We have seen one dress of this description. A skirt of white camel's hair, embroidered and cut in wide scallops on the edge, fell loose and without draperies over a plain petticoat of white silk, the narrow, pinked flounces of which showed beneath the camel's hair skirt.

The waist of camel's hair was round, with a yoke of silk embroidery; short, tight sleeves, stopped above, not below, the elbow, with a revers of embroidery.

A sash of white moire passed about the waist and fell nearly to the foot of the dress in the back. This is certainly one of the very prettiest of fashions invented for young girls.

For the morning, there are quantities of Mother Hubbard wrappers, of surah, pink, blue and white, of cashmere, of fine muil, with Valenciennes trimmings on the front, the sleeves and the flounce at the foot.

Batistes make more inexpensive and simpler editions of the same idea, to wear strictly in the room; and Turkey red is both effective and serviceable for the same purpose.

Wide embroideries, coffee-tinted, appear on innumerable costumes. Oriental laces ditto.

One chic costume is the following:

Skirt of copper-colored and gray changeable silk, plaited postilion behind, pointed front, with very broad jabot of lace; lace cuffs; parasol of the changeable silk, with deep border of lace; bonnet of gold cloth, embossed with red velvet figures, aigrette of red powdered with gold, red velvet strings.

A second costume of indigo blue foulard is made with a large puff across the front, underneath which is set a very deep flounce of ecru Oriental lace.

The back drapery is very full.

There is a side plaited flounce across the foot; the bodice has a plaited plastron drawn in by shirrings at the waist and into the point, and revers of Oriental lace on either side; lace laid flat over the high, stiff collar and over the cuffs.

Hat of blue straw, high crown, downshelving brim in front; border of Oriental lace plaited over the brim; twist of blue tips and one gray one in front.

Parasol of Oriental lace. This shade of blue, deep and yet quite vivid, is extremely popular this season.

Here is an example of a costume of veiling in that tone of blue, but slightly lighter than the average.

The front is laid in broad side plaits, across which run rows of velvet one inch and a half broad and in a darker shade. They are set a couple of inches apart.

The front of the bodice is trimmed with these same cross-bars. The back forms a postilion; the collar and cuffs are of the darker velvet. A broad revers of velvet shows against the left side of the back drapery of the skirt.

The hat that matched this suit was very high in the crown, had stiff brim, broader in the front than behind, and was of gray straw, with blue velvet trimmings, and knots of the two shades of blue of the dress piled up high in front. The gray and the ecru suits are, of course, legion.

The lighter qualities of bison cloth are used a good deal in these colors, and make serviceable traveling dresses, also nice suits for the cooler days, etc.

Mohair, the very "chic" material for the nonce, is chiefly employed also in these neutral tints.

And we have seen one costume of very pale gray alpaca trimmed with narrow silver galloon, that was an imported creation, and certainly very stylish, though to call alpaca a pretty material would at all times be impossible.

The mohair suits have a most "correct" appearance trimmed with galloon matching in color but of a deeper shade than the dress, and opening over small vests of dark gray suede kid.

Few of these costumes have been seen here, but they are quite frequent abroad. Velvets of different colors—chiefly garnet, brown, very deep blue—are put on gray costumes to give tone to the effect.

Though this is a somewhat "fussy" style, it produces quite good results at times. One example will be illustrative.

Gray wool skirt side plaited in the front; panels of very narrow side plaits on sides; these crossed at right angles by bars of garnet velvet; short overdress falling low behind; bodice with Moliere vest; two revers of garnet velvet at the neck where the vest begins; collar and cuffs of velvet edging sides of bodice, and running back to the hips; postilion back.

The correct riding habits for this season are pale gray—another phase of the gray mania.

They are very, very short, of course, and very scant; an elastic, through which the foot is slipped, prevents them from flying up and showing the boot, than which, with their length (or want of length) nothing would be easier.

The boot is a real boot—a high boot, into which the close gray trousers are passed. A great many ladies, to be sure, wear the trousers to the ankle, and the ordinary lady's boot, and as the high boots are an item of twenty or twenty-five dollars in the already sufficiently extravagant outfit, this may be sensible in more ways than one.

But the high boots are the "swell thing," nevertheless.

The basque is very short over the hips and in front, slightly longer with a square postilion behind, fit like the wearer's skin, and, if she be at all lean, are padded to give the degree of moderate roundness so desirable on horseback.

The collar is very high, with linen collar of corresponding characteristics underneath.

The tall hat is gray, to match the habit. The whip is not a whip, but a stick with a crutch or crook top, usually silver.

We were shown recently one very ingenious device. In the heavy oxidized silver crutch handle of her whip, a young lady had had inserted a vinaigrette.

One end of the crutch could be turned back on a hinge, disclosing a small crystal scent bottle filled with salts. Many an occasion might arise in which this would be useful, or, at any rate, grateful.

It is not possible to allude to scent bottles without speaking a word of the very fashionable cut-crystal vinaigrettes of most ridiculous and ungraceful length which society women carry and have been carrying for the past year or so.

Many of them are certainly very beautiful, the glass being in many instances exquisitely engraved, with the initials of the owner in long silver characters inclosed by a medallion on one side.

The tops are gold or silver, finely chased or engraved, on the most expensive examples.

Of course, the whole idea is also copied on a more inexpensive scale.

Eighteen inches is about an average length for these scent-bottles. They can be added to the list of articles such as fans, bonbonniere, jewel cases, etc., which gentlemen can offer to a lady friend on such an occasion as a birthday or something of that sort, and doubtless for this reason will be blessed by many an obtuse masculine creature, to whom the selection of any such thing is an unutterable ordeal and weariness to the flesh.

Fireside Chat.

HOME UPHOLSTERY.

WHEN I begin to think over my subject and of the number of things that can be done at home in the way of upholstery, I seem to have so much to write about, I hardly know where to commence.

Deft fingers, a little neatness, and plenty of patience may transform an ugly room into a pretty one in a very short time.

No girls should be ignorant how to use a hammer or plant a nail.

Well, out of innumerable items, I select to begin with curtains: window curtains. There are many nice stuffs of excellent appearance, which may be had for as many shillings as their substitutes cost pounds years ago.

There are oriental stuffs, real and imitation, a good deal of what is called tapestry, and, many serviceable materials made of jute wearing admirably, and having so good an appearance, they look worth twice the money they cost.

Most of these are so striped and figured that neither lining nor trimming is required—a remark which does not apply to plain goods; for these, galons and ball fringes are most in use.

The very soft silks of artistic coloring replace muslin curtains sometimes now.

And I also notice that in lieu of holders, many curtains are tied back with scarves of this same soft silk, especially velvet and plush curtains of dark, brilliant tones, and the thick woollen brocades interwoven with gold thread.

I cannot dwell so much as I should like upon different quite cheap materials that can be used for curtains, Bolton sheeting and charity blankets, roughly worked with bold designs in crewels, coming first on the list, though I give the preference to unbleached linen and hop sacking.

A new and favorite form of trimming is to attach a worked dado of some contrasting color on a plain curtain, say from twenty-five inches deep.

But we will suppose you have selected the curtains.

It is then that home upholstery comes into play; for, of course, you will want to hang them.

The usual length, according to the height of the room, is from three to four yards long, shorter by some quarter of a yard than they used to be, as they no longer are looped up, or rest much on the ground, but are slightly caught back with straight holders towards the middle of the window.

One and a-half to two breadths will be required, and will sometimes border the edge, but is not absolutely necessary.

Chintzes require lining, and must be tacked to the outside at each seam, and is subsequently bound with galon.

Cornices are going much out of fashion, and rods have taken their place; sometimes painted iron, with ornamental ends.

For these, the tops of the curtains should be box-plaited on to a webbing, placed, say, three inches below the top, thus leaving a heading; to the webbing, rings or hooks are sewn so as to be slipped on to the end.

Fireplace curtains have this drawback, that if kept closely drawn they stop the free circulation of air.

The best plan is to have an iron rod or tape beneath the mantlepiece, to sew rings on the curtains, and allow them to draw; in this way the tops will be hidden by the valance to the chimneypiece.

Nothing looks better than a band of crewel or arrasene embroidery on the valance, and down the centre of the curtains.

In the country, chintz or coarse linen embroidered for bedrooms is quite admirable.

Ecru linen worked in red crewels and bordered with red Spanish fringe has a very good effect.

Besides, however, embroidering your mantle curtains and border, you may very much improve a dull room by an overmantle, if it is nothing better than red twill or satin sheeting stretched over the wall, with photographs or china attached to it.

If you happen to be the lucky possessor of an old oak chest, or indeed any carved woodwork, you may do a great deal more, for it is convertible into a fifteenth century sideboard or a mantlepiece, of course by dividing it.

The lid laid flat against the wall just above the mantlepiece the bottom used as a shelf above that, the ends as smaller shelves, and any extra pieces laid against the wall.

With but little upholstery and some prearrangement, a very handsome erection is the result.

I have found the best plan both for the sideboard and mantlepiece was to get a good drawing from some art or upholsterer's catalogue, and to work up to that, as far as materials admitted.

But even without such treasure as old oak, a black painted board pointed at the top, and arranged with china, a brass plaque in the centre, then an ordinary mantlepiece, is twice as ornamental as a pier glass with a gilt frame.

If you care for home upholstery and wish to adorn your rooms at little cost, keep your eyes open.

Many a pretty bit of brass-work, old candle branches, etc., may be picked up for an old song at second-hand shops, if you only know where to seek them.

A more useful article, but not so ornamental, as a corner wardrobe, may be made by fixing shelves into a lath frame, with a door made of laths, the front covered with chintz it can be moved from the corner of one room to another, and takes up little space and gives a good deal.

I daresay you have often noticed ordinary chairs covered with some material and tufted with buttons at intervals, giving the appearance of being quilted.

This looks intricate and difficult, but it is not really so.

Of course, before re-covering, all the button must be removed, and a long tufting needle must be procured.

Then with strong string you first pass the needle through the button and then right through the chair or sofa, tying it tightly below.

If you can manage this you will find little difficulty in covering a dining or drawing-room suite—a costly process if sent to the upholsterer's.

Old horsehair chairs, for example, look extremely well covered with a green or dark colored serge, and bordered with close set rows of brass-headed nails.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Correspondence.

NOVICE.—The name "Janet" is a diminutive of Jane, the feminine of John, which is from the Hebrew, and means "the gracious gift of God."

RANDLE.—1. The tradition of the aspen-leaf is that it has trembled with shame and horror ever since our Lord's cross was made from its wood.

W. J. G.—It is not at all necessary that you should know Latin in order to learn French; but it is advisable that you should be acquainted with at least the rudiments of English grammar.

STARSLAND.—It is French, and means "Who is there?" 2. In entering a room where strangers are seated, merely bow and sit down. 3. Handwriting is good and may be improved with practice.

BATEMAN.—A lady of fourteen years of age is much too young to think of a matrimonial engagement. We consider that her parents are somewhat imprudent in allowing her to walk out alone with a gentleman.

C. D. L.—If you henceforth lead an ordinary, quiet life, take your meals at regular hours, drink in moderation, and take a proper amount of rest at night, Nature will—unless you have rendered yourself consumptive—repair the ravages a fast life has caused. Try the effect for two or three months.

RIP.—We cannot recommend the maxim that "All is fair in love and war." If the young lady's father has forbidden her to see you, you ought not to call at her home in his absence. If he has for some unknown reason taken a dislike to you, why do you not go to him and ask for an explanation? If this fail, you must wait till the lady is of age, when she will be able to speak for herself.

C. J.—You seem to have lost your head. If you want to renew and extend your acquaintance with the young lady, there is no reason why you should not do so, either by letter or by an interview. But when you talk about going to the bad unless you are restrained by her influence, you are writing simple nonsense. Cultivate the lady's acquaintance, by all means, but cultivate common sense as well.

BEN F. J.—Having gone so far, you should either go further or recall. At present you are in a decidedly equivocal position, and you should either come to an understanding with the lady or cease to see her. To your suggestion that you might explain your difficulty to her, and ask her to wait until you can engage yourself to her, we see no objection on grounds of principle. At the same time, you would find the situation extremely embarrassing.

BRETTA.—The origin of the connection between pancake and Shrove Tuesday is lost in antiquity. Shrove Tuesday derives its name from the ancient practice in the Roman Church of confessing sins and being shriven, or absolved, on the day preceding the beginning of Lent. In olden times, the day was given up to this ceremony and to the preparation and consumption of pancakes. Before they were eaten, there was generally a competition amongst the members of the party to see who could throw them most adroitly into the air.

NEMO.—The eyes of oxen, horses, etc., certainly do magnify in a sense; that is to say, the image of an object on the retina of the human eye. As the eye of a horse is larger than that of a human being, it follows that the focus of the lens must be longer, and an optician will tell you that the longer the focus of the lens the larger the image. But, as you say, since they magnify human beings they also magnify each other surrounding objects. It is therefore absurd to say that this is the reason why man obtains his control over the larger animals.

JESSIE.—If the "finger marks" on your book are caused by the dye from black gloves, they will be difficult to take off. Spirits of salts, diluted with five or six times the quantity of water, may be applied to ink spots, and after a minute or two may be washed off with clear water. To take out spots of grease ether may be used, the leaves being then placed between white blotting-paper; where the stains are mixed, and not very bad, rectified spirits of wine will be found to answer the purpose. As all these prescriptions are wet ones, we need not remind you that they must be used with great care, or you will spoil your book, and do nothing towards the removal of the stains.

READER.—Evidently you refer to the Lion of Thorwaldsen. This work of art, of which the whole conception is inspired by genius of the highest order, is to be seen at Lucerne, in Switzerland, near the entrance to the "Glacier Garden." Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, was commissioned to design a monument worthy of commemorating the noble Swiss Guard of Louis XIV., who fell on the 10th of August, 1792, in defence of the Tuileries. Instead of making a conventional monument, and having it erected in a public square, Thorwaldsen took the Swiss Lion for his motive; and, as the monarch of the woods seeks a lonely retreat when wounded to death, so here, in a natural grotto, on the living rock, he carved this emblem of the noble victims of valor and loyalty. The sculptured lion—twenty-eight feet in length, and eighteen feet in height—is seen lying high up on the shelf of the rocky wall. His side is transfixed by a lance; but even in death he holds the lilies of France guarded fast in his paws.

B. B.—You cannot stretch a tight boot so that it will afford a permanent relief to your corns. The stretching of leather is a favorite theory of the shoemaker, wherewith he comforts his customers, and promotes the cultivation of corns and bunions. Never believe it; never trust to the tree, as they call the stretcher. You may as well trust to the stretching of an india-rubber elastic, which will stop the circulation of your blood forever before it give way even one quarter of an inch, which it will not recover when the force is removed. When your boot is tight you get it put on the tree, and it feels much easier when you try it on again. Away you walk, quite relieved and overjoyed; but in a few hours you are as miserable as ever. "Perhaps your foot has swelled," says the bootmaker; "put the boot on the tree all night." You have it put on the tree all night, and it comes home comfortable again; but the comfort is of short duration, and you find, to your sorrow, that though leather will stretch if you force it, it will unstretch also when the force is withdrawn. It is better to trust to the unstretching of leather. The shoemaker understands this too. Therefore, when the shoe is too large, they say it will close upon the foot, the leather will contract. They are right; it does contract more surely than it stretches, and much more comfortably to the poor feet which it encases.